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PART XIX.

PRIESTCRAFT.

WE are acquainted with a certain family, whose members, though they occasionally squabble about minor matters, are remarkably well agreed on all important things, and distinguished by an entire satisfaction with the fundamental state of their domestic affairs. Father and mother, sisters and brothers, servants in-doors and out-of-doors, are unanimous in the opinion that no such happy and united a household is to be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. They love each other, and admire each other, and (making due allowance for human infirmities) are perfectly contented with the manner in which each member of the family fulfils his or her duties to the remainder of those who live in the same house. Moreover, they consider that this very house, with all its appurtenances, is absolutely unrivalled in suitability to the wishes and needs of its inmates. It is warm, comfortable, airy, healthy, handsome, well-furnished, gracefully decorated, and neither too big nor too little. There is plenty to eat and drink, of a wholesome and nutritious kind, and suited to the different constitutions of the different members of the family. The gardens and grounds are delightful; and, in fact, on the whole, the household looks upon itself as favoured by Divine Providence in a wonderful degree, is never tired of thanking God for its possessions, and is always wishing that every body else was equally well off.

But the oddest thing in the world is, that when the various members of the family go out of doors—nay, sometimes even when they receive company at home—they are perpetually told that they are miserable, wretched, quarrelsome, enslaved, degraded, ignorant, immoral, hypocritical, bloody-minded, deceitful, and regardless of the Divine Giver of all their blessings. “My dear fellow,” says an anxious-looking gentleman to one of the sons of the family whom he has just seized by the but-

ton, "I am sorry to tell you so, but your father is the greatest scoundrel unhung. Your mother is an unnatural parent; always disputing with your father, who beats her dreadfully—(but then every body says she drinks, and deserves it);—she hates you and your brothers and sisters, and starves you, and cheats you, and locks you up in the cellar, and won't let you learn the commonest rudiments of education; she won't even clothe you decently for your position in life;"—(here the son looks more astonished than ever, for he considers himself particularly well dressed, and he knows that the tailor's bill is very large)—"and you are taught to hate me and every body not in your house, and you have dungeons, and racks, and bowls of poison, and daggers; and, in short, every body says—and you know that what every body says *must be* right—every body says that if you had a particle of spirit, or the least knowledge of Scripture, you would take the first opportunity to run away from your miserable prison and enjoy the free light and warmth of day."

The amazement of the youth in question is an exact picture of the state of mind of Catholics, when they are forced to listen to the tirades of the world against the doctrines, discipline, customs, and clergy of the Church to which they belong. Molière's M. Jourdain, who talked prose all his life without knowing it, was nothing at all compared to us. "Dear me!" cries some worthy old scul, who was brought up in a convent, and has passed a whole life in the extremest 'Popish' debasement, going to confession, 'muttering' over her beads, gaining indulgences, preserving relics, and adorning images,—"dear me!" she cries, when she first learns the wickedness of Popery from some Protestant newspaper, book, or stranger, "how very singular it is! I never was taught any thing wrong in the confessional; all the priests I ever knew have been most respectable gentlemen; I never was told not to read the Bible; I always *was* told that prayer that did not come from the heart was good for nothing; I never heard of such a thing as an indulgence to commit sin, or of buying absolution. I was always told that idolatry was a damnable sin, and that images were made of wood, or stone, or (the inferior kinds) of plaster, and certainly it never entered my head to think they were gods; I always heard that the Blessed Virgin was redeemed, just like myself, by Jesus Christ, and was not a goddess, or any thing of that sort: how very odd it is that these good Protestants should know so much more about my religion than I do myself. Well, we can but live and learn! But in the mean time I shall go on in my old ways, and die as I have lived, and thank God for it."

And what this worthy old lady says to herself, in her quiet, simple, amiable way, is what we are all of us constrained to express, nearly every day that passes, as we look at the pictures of ourselves and our creed which the anti-Catholic world is perpetually thrusting into our hands. The world will insist upon it that it knows us and our religion better than we do ourselves. Though we never happen to hear them, we are taught all sorts of abominations. Our houses are infested with Jesuitical spies, though nobody finds them out except our Protestant protectors. When we intend to adore God above all things, somehow or other, by a kind of spiritual legerdemain, we are twisted into worshippers of wooden images. Whatever we are, whatever we do, whatever we wish, whatever we are taught, whatever we feel,—it is quite certain that we ourselves are altogether in the dark about it; and the only people who can enlighten us are the devotees of Luther, Cranmer, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth.

The range of subjects in which we are supposed to be thus ignorant is about as extensive as the whole field of Catholic doctrine and practice. On some points, undoubtedly, it is condescendingly admitted that we stand less in need of illumination than in others; but on the whole, it may be safely said that there is not one detail of dogma, morals, or custom, in which most Protestants do not conceive that they understand Catholicism better than Catholics understand it themselves.

We are not now about to detail all the metaphysical phenomena of a state of mind so singular as this, or to show how it is that so remarkable a delusion should have got possession of innumerable understandings otherwise sufficiently candid and rational. Nor do we propose to indicate the exact character of the various perversions of Catholic doctrine and morals which the world is contented to accept as undoubted truth. We confine ourselves to one of the causes which thus warp the Protestant intellect, and one of the instances in which it rests satisfied with convictions as wide as possible from the real facts of the case. The popular notion of "Popish priestcraft," and the popular reasoning by which this notion is set up, will serve as an illustration at once of the enlightenment, the reasonableness, and the consistency of that congeries of opinions which goes by the generic name of Protestantism.

As to conveying to the uninitiated Catholic reader any complete conception of the popular notion of a "Popish priest," we utterly despair of doing it. It is so foreign to every thing that good and religious Catholics ever knew by their own experience, that it would be difficult to persuade them that any reasonable adult Englishman or Englishwoman, of average

faculties and decent education, could ever accept so strange a picture as a portrait of the real, living, actual priesthood. Perhaps the prevailing idea of a "priest" may be most briefly described as that of a compound of the conspirator, the conjuror, and the fanatic. How such a composition is produced on English soil, and from families of every rank,—noble, gentle, commercial, and plebeian,—the world vouchsafes not to tell us. It looks upon a "priest" as a mysterious and inexplicable fact,—a "thing" which somehow exists, with a certain nature of its own, like an apple, an egg, or a lion; and it no more considers itself bound to explain how it is that humanity is capable of acquiring this priest-nature, than to say why an apple is not an egg, and an egg is not a lion. By what process a little round-faced boy, very fond of his mother and sisters, and thinking only of sugar-plums and bread-and-butter, is finally manipulated into a beetle-browed, black-coated, skulking "Popish priest," our philosophic friends do not trouble themselves to inquire. There he stands, at any rate, a "priest;" with his heart's blood chilled, his affections (such as they are) centered only on the advancement of his "order," *i. e.* his brother clergy; regarding a layman much as a shearer does a sheep, namely a thing to be shut up in a pen, kept in order by dogs, and carefully clipped of its wool. His studies lie in whimsical rubrics, ridiculous ceremonies, and abstruse casuistry, designed to confound right and wrong, and make himself, as a priest, the sole ruler of the lay conscience. When he sees Protestants, he only wishes he could have them in his own power, and make them acquainted with the faggot and stake. If his eye glances on a Bible, he is ready almost to stamp with rage and shake with agitation; and when he gets into the confessional, and has his miserable devotees kneeling at his feet, then imagination fails to realise the nature of his iniquitousness, and Exeter Hall turns hastily to the Apocalypse, and rejoices to believe that some day the cup of the abominations of the scarlet lady will be full to overflowing.

Of course, it is not every Protestant who is *gobemouche* enough to accept all this rubbish about the Catholic priesthood; but we really believe that there are very few indeed who are not more or less infected with these anile terrors and preposterous theorisings. Every body believes that "priestcraft" is a standing and universally spread failing (to call it by the mildest word) among the Catholic clergy, *as a body*. They are convinced that a priest is more or less a spiritual despot, who is personally absolute ruler among his flock; and that the whole clerical community are banded together to keep things quiet and comfortable, to throw dust into lay eyes, and to hide from

the light of day certain things which nobody but themselves—(always, of course, excepting their Protestant censors)—ever heard of. They divide the entire Catholic body into two sections, having interests adverse to and irreconcilable with each other—the lay section and the clerical section. And they suppose that the latter assume a right to dictate to the former, to silence their doubts, to decree what is right and what is wrong, what is true and what is false, by a sort of official claim to infallibility. The opinion of a layman they consider to be *ipso facto* extinguished by that of a priest; not because the latter may be better informed, not because he is a competent theologian, not because he is licensed by his proper Bishop to preach the Word of God,—but by the possession of some secret information as to the principles, the history, or the tactics of the Catholic Church, not accessible to the general body of the faithful. And as they conceive that this clerical assumption is unwarrantable and unchristian, they further hold that it is only supported by some sort of combination of the clergy *against* the laity; and that the former are perpetually engaged in planning or carrying out schemes for the maintenance of their official superiority, and for preventing the latter from asserting those rights which they know to be really their due. This supposition, we repeat, may take different shapes, and be more or less consciously maintained by different Protestants; but we are confident that very few among them do not suppose that the interests of the Catholic clergy and laity are necessarily antagonistic to one another, and that duplicity on the part of the clergy is one chief means by which the laity are kept in the wished-for subordination.

The rational answer to these accusations is simply this,—that if the laity are enslaved, either in thought or action, to the clergy, it is the most extraordinary slavery that ever was heard of; for the laity themselves have not yet found it out. If they are in a bondage, it looks and feels so astonishingly like freedom, that none but hunters after mares'-nests could ever detect the difference. No doubt there are certain points in which a layman is in the position of an inferior, a disciple, or a subject; but it is equally true that in return he exacts certain services from the clergy with an almost merciless rigour, which makes the notion of servitude on his part, and of craft on the part of the priesthood, the merest absurdity. The fact is, that every one, priest as well as layman, bishop as well as priest, owes an entire and unreserved obedience *to the Church*; and no man has the right to force his personal opinion upon any one, or to require any course of action as obligatory, except so far as it is distinctly enjoined by the Church herself.

Of course the various offices and ranks of the various members of the one Church are extremely different, and place individuals in different relative situations. There are the rulers and the ruled, the teachers and the taught, the channels of grace, and the receivers of grace; but notwithstanding all these differences, there is one grand similarity among all. The ruler is the administrator of laws which control himself as firmly as his subjects. The teacher declares the Word of God, not as he interprets it for himself, but as the Church puts it into his mouth. The priest who gives absolution to his penitents has to go himself, not as a priest, nor yet as a layman, but as a sinner, and ask the absolution which he gives to others. The Pope himself receives absolution for his sins, in precisely the same way, and on precisely the same terms, as the humblest Irish peasant or English mechanic. If, in conversation or writing, the opinion of an ecclesiastic on points of morals or discipline is usually deferred to, this is because, as a rule, a priest is better informed on such subjects than a layman. But he is so by his studies and training; and not by his having access to some mysterious arcana, hidden from profane eyes, or by his possessing a personal gift of infallibility denied to the unprivileged understanding of the laity.

Undoubtedly in practice there will be found instances in which an ecclesiastic may be betrayed into an exaggeration of the rights of his position or order. Who denies this? who claims immaculate perfection for the Catholic clergy? They themselves never pretend to it. Of course there are dictatorial people every where, and timid people, and people afraid of being reasoned with, and annoyed at having what they say called in question; and there are people who snub the poor, and think more of the rights of a superior than of his duties. Such people, we say, are every where; and if such people become ecclesiastics, of course they carry their infirmities into the priesthood, and only overcome them as they advance in the spiritual life. But to pretend that such exaggerations of superior claims are more common among the Catholic clergy than elsewhere, is directly in the face of all facts. Nay, we have little scruple in saying that, take them as a body, they are free from these faults to a degree that is quite remarkable, and which can scarcely be understood by those who are not themselves Catholics. And still further, there are individuals to be found among them, and that very frequently, and in every country and ecclesiastical rank, whose modesty, gentleness, and horror of self-assertion and tyrannical dogmatism are such as it would be hopeless to look for any where outside the Catholic Church. All this we assert in the most distinct and

positive manner, declaring that where cases are to be found of an opposite character, they are only exceptions to a general rule, and so comparatively rare, that it would be absurd to take them as proofs of the general relations between the clergy and the laity.

In forming their opinions of Catholics, Protestants confound the administration of the Sacraments, and the enforcement of Catholic discipline, with an exaction of submission in matters of opinion and of conduct in which the Church herself leaves things open to the individual judgment. They themselves have *no* discipline, no complete body of consistent doctrine accessible and comprehensible to all. Their only discipline consists in the clauses of a few Acts of Parliament, the decisions of a few lawyers, or the customs of a few dissenting sects. Their body of doctrine is neither more nor less than every man's private opinion. Only a very small minority among them believe in the sacerdotal character of the Christian ministry. And hence it follows that they totally misinterpret the nature of the position held by the priesthood among Catholics. In their system there is no recognised, no possible place for such a thing as a priest; and accordingly they can see in a Catholic priest neither more nor less than a usurper, and consequently a tyrant. The Catholic feeling of the penitent in the confessional towards the confessor is one which it never enters their heads to conceive. They never dream that we habitually regard him as *a father*, and that the notion that the confessional is a sort of magician's chamber, where the impostor plays most powerfully on the imaginations and fears of his dupes, is the phantom of a morbid brain. They know nothing of our feelings by their own experience. Only conceive going to confession to Dr. Philpotts, Dr. Blomfield, or Dr. Samuel Wilberforce! Or even to a worthier, though not a wiser man, the present Archbishop of Canterbury! Fancy the whole round of Anglican clergy, rural and oppidan, High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and no Church,—just think, with all their worth and respectability, of the exquisite absurdity of kneeling down and confessing one's most secret sins to them, and receiving absolution at their hands! The most solemn of countenances must relax into a smile at the very idea.

The fact is, priestcraft is characteristically not a Catholic, but a Protestant vice. There is very little of it amongst us, and there is a vast amount of it among those who are so ready to impute it to us alone. If you want to see illustrations of the tyranny of opinion, listen to the preachings and conversations of the loudest declaimers against Popish priestcraft.

Why the whole land swarms with these parochial and diocesan "popes!" Sunday after Sunday the old walls of the once Catholic parish-churches re-echo to expositions of doctrine, and interpretations of the Bible, which the preachers put forth as so undoubtedly true, and so absolutely necessary to be believed, that any body who doubts their words either is destitute of grace or of common understanding. "Whatever the errors of the day," says Mr. This or That, "*here* the true gospel is *certainly* preached. You, my parishioners, have had *the* truth preached to you; and with you alone lies the responsibility of rejecting it." This is the story every where. The latitudinarian Whately, Arnold, or Hampden, is as dogmatic, as overbearing, and as confident that he alone teaches the pure truth of Scripture, as an "evangelical" Stowell at Manchester, a M'Neil at Liverpool, or a Cumming in London. Take these same men, whether in the public pulpit or the private room, each is confident that he alone is right, each lays down the law with the most unhesitating decision, each tells his admiring votaries (who are for the most part of the female sex) that such and such is the gospel, and treats those who venture to dissent as undeniably ignorant of the pure Word of God, and more or less under the influence of the wicked world.

The most remarkable modern instance, however, of Protestant priestcraft is to be seen in the leader of that section of Protestantism which claims to be least anti-Catholic in its principles. We know of no other case which can be paralleled with that of Dr. Pusey. He has gone, and, as we understand, still goes, to lengths in the way of spiritual usurpation and despotism which throw the assumptions of ordinary Anglicanism quite into the shade. So far as our knowledge extends, we never heard of any man who had ventured to take other men's souls into his own keeping with the same unhesitating daring as Dr. Pusey. It is not that he betakes himself to the coarse denunciations of the vulgar fanatic; it is not that he consigns to eternal damnation every one who is not of his mind in matters of religion; but that with steady, unfaltering determination, he induces the trembling, the agitated, the anxious, the truth-seeking conscience to repose *upon him*, upon *his* word, *his* opinion that the Church of England is a part of the Church, *his* confidence that it is a sin to obey the Church of Rome. We say nothing of that crafty subtlety with which he and others of his teaching misrepresent the facts and the doctrines of Catholicism to those who consult them, and attack the motives and conduct of those who escape from their captivity. We say nothing of that duplicity which palms

upon unsuspecting followers mutilated editions of Catholic writings, without a hint as to the wholesale doctrinal amputations which they have undergone; and nothing of that rigid denunciation of all really Catholic books, and of all Catholic intercourse, which they practise towards their disciples. All this is comparatively little to that unscrupulousness with which Dr. Pusey lulls the consciences of men and women into slumber by means of a soporific which consists of nothing but his personal certainty and knowledge that the grace of Jesus Christ is with the Anglican Establishment. This, indeed, is priestcraft; if not in its more vulgar and more revolting form, at least in that which is most insidious and most fatal. Who that knows the sacred rights of every human intelligence, who that knows that every man has to answer for his own sins to God,—does not tremble at the bare thought of such an assumption, and wonder that any person with the barest remains of a conscience within him can thus dare to stand between a soul and its God? We can assure our Anglo-Catholic friends, that whatever imitations of Catholicism may be transplanted into their communion, and however much they may imagine that they know by experience the blessings which we enjoy, there is one thing which *they* have which is totally unknown amongst *us*. Such conduct as that of Dr. Pusey himself is without parallel among the terrible clergy of the dreaded Church of Rome. If they wish to know what true liberty is, in its most rational and enjoyable form, we have only this advice to give them, that, having already tried the priestcraft of England, they should come and try for themselves the priestcraft of Rome. No man who has not been immured in a prison knows what it is to see the glorious sunlight, and to bask in the full warmth of the day; and those souls which have been, as the saying is, “under Dr. Pusey,” can appreciate the genial warmth and brilliant daylight which rejoice the soul when it is, to adopt the same phrase, “under the Pope,” with a keenness to which ordinary persons are almost strangers. So at least we are assured by those who know both these conditions by personal experience.

In this instance, then, as in so many others, Protestants judge us by Protestant tests. They do not inquire what are the facts, and consider what is likely to be the case with persons holding our principles. They see a few of the externals of our religion, whether personal, ceremonial, or disciplinary: they then ask themselves what all these things would be *when found in Protestantism*; and on this caricature of reasoning they found a certain set of opinions as to what we actually are, which nothing that we can say in the way of explanation or

denial succeeds in driving out of their heads. Their ideas of us are like their ideas of the Gospel,—all hypothesis from beginning to end. They look at nothing objectively; every thing they fancy they see is but the reflection of some image in their own minds. The revealed Word of God is not their real test of spiritual truth, and the facts of real life are not the materials whence they form their views of humanity.

THE CONVERSION OF HERMANN THE PIANIST.

THOSE of our readers who take an interest in the action of the Church in other lands will have heard, many of them, of the deep impression produced in Paris, during the Lent just past, by the sermons of a Carmelite friar, Frère Augustin-Marie du Très-Saint-Sacrement. They will have heard at the same time that the constant theme of his preaching was the Adorable Sacrament—its grandeurs and its blessings, and his one aim the diffusion throughout France of the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration. They may have concluded that there is some connection between the name which the eloquent father bears in religion and this appropriation of his powers to one great object; and they may have asked, what is this connection? and who is the Frère Augustin-Marie?

A little volume which has recently appeared in France answers these questions; and the history it narrates is so remarkable and interesting, that we are sure our readers will thank us for transferring to our pages a brief epitome of the *Conversion du Pianiste Hermann*. It will bring before them a signal illustration of the sovereignty and power of grace; it is one of those instances in which our Lord condescends to render almost sensible “the power of the world to come” amidst which our spiritual lot is cast, in order to sustain or to rebuke our too languid faith in the majesty and might of His most real presence with us.

Hermann Cohen was born of Jewish parents, at Hamburg, on the 10th November 1821. Of his early years it is recorded only that he was amiable and intelligent; that notwithstanding the delicacy of his health, he made rapid progress in his studies; and that music was the passion of his childhood. At six years old he played readily on the piano the airs of the most popular operas, and astonished his friends by many little compositions of his own. When he was twelve years old, his father, who had been a wealthy banker in Hamburg, sustained

a great reverse of fortune ; and his mother resolved to leave the city in which she had lived in such splendour, and to seek a quiet home in Paris. Before her final removal, she visited Mecklenburgh, and took Hermann with her. While there, the Grand Duke was struck with the child's extraordinary talent for music, and advised his mother to devote him to it as his profession. This advice determined the vocation of Hermann, and he was still further confirmed in his resolve by the success he met with at Frankfort and elsewhere. He reached Paris in July 1834; his letters of introduction obtained for him numerous friends, and secured for him the patronage and tuition of the celebrated Liszt. In a letter to the Père Ratisbonne, Hermann thus speaks of this period of his life :

“ Born of Jewish parents, I was early launched into the profession of music. I was scarcely twelve when I gave my first concert. Alas! God permitted me to obtain a kind of triumph, and my young brain was quite intoxicated. I came to Paris in 1834; and there I became the spoilt child of the musical world. I was cast amongst unbelievers; and as they fancied they saw in me an apt and ready apprehension, they soon indoctrinated me with all the horrible delusions then in vogue ; atheism and pantheism, communism and socialism, the right of insurrection and the massacre of the rich, abolition of marriage, and the enjoyment in common of all property and of all pleasures—these were the habitual thoughts and themes of a lad of fourteen. Evil thrives apace, and I was soon one of the most ardent and zealous of those who had sworn thus to *renew the face of the earth*—the Benjamin, the beloved son, of these modern prophets of a so-called civilisation. . . .”

Liszt introduced Hermann to many persons of notoriety, and among others to Georges Sand, who gave him her novels to read. He devoured them with avidity; his soul, weak and without safeguard, was still further polluted and laid waste. His mother remonstrated, but in vain; filial obedience was not an article of the new philosophy.

In 1836 he accompanied Liszt to Geneva, to aid in the formation of an academy of music in that city; and there for about a year he had the charge of a class of pupils. He then returned alone to Paris, where we find him gaining money readily, and spending it more readily still. He says of this time :

“ I was surfeited with success, and a proficient in every kind of vice. ‘ The briers of unclean desires grew rank over my head, and no hand was put forth to root them out.’* In

* St. Augustine's Confessions, lib. ii. ch. 3.

company with a distinguished artist, who was at once my master and my friend, I travelled over England and Switzerland, Italy and Germany, more enamoured than ever of my philosophical novelties, and gaining every where success in my art, and proselytes to the poisonous doctrines on which my own youth had been fed. Priests were to me, at that time, anti-social beings; and I regarded monks with a special horror, just as though they were cannibals. Who would have dared to predict that, on my return to Paris, God had decreed to show in me from what a distance He can recall a wandering creature? . . .”

There is a mystery in the conversion of Hermann to which he alludes at times in the words: “*Secretum meum mihi*—my secret is mine own.” The Chevalier Asnarez made the following statement to the writer of the little book from which our information is taken:

“It was, I think, about the end of 1845 that I first saw M. Hermann. I was then giving lessons in Spanish; and he became my pupil. His exterior was elegant and carefully adorned; his character impetuous; his manners graceful and even distinguished. The conversation of my pupils often turned on subjects not tending greatly to edification, and Hermann was one of the worst. After about fifteen lessons, and while he was making great progress, he suddenly disappeared; he left his handsome lodging, and no one knew what had become of him. I heard nothing of him until towards the end of 1847, when I happened to be going to the church of St. Valère, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and at the corner of the Rue S. Dominique I was surprised to meet M. Hermann. He was quite changed. His countenance was pale, and wore a striking expression of modesty. To his elegantly cut coat, his glossy hat, and varnished boots, had succeeded a long greatcoat, a broad-brimmed felt hat, and stout common shoes. He addressed me timidly, and made some excuses for the small debt he owed me; and he added, ‘Do you know that I am now a Catholic?’ ‘No,’ I replied, rather coldly and suspiciously. ‘Well,’ continued he, ‘if you will follow me, I will tell you all about it.’ I followed him into the Rue de l’Université, up many stairs into a small room, the furniture of which consisted of an iron bed, a trunk, a piano, a crucifix, an image of the Blessed Virgin, and two small pictures of St. Theresa and St. Augustine. We sat down, and he spoke as follows: ‘When you knew me I was the victim and slave of my passions. . . . I was profoundly wretched. Nearly ruined by my extravagance, I went to Hamburg to my father; but he refused to assist me, he was so indignant at my dissolute manner of life. I went on to

Germany, where I gained some money, and was received at the court of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin with a distinction I little merited. There I abandoned myself to gambling; and my losses were so serious, that I was often on the point of committing suicide. . . . I returned to Paris, the Faubourg S. Germain took me up; I regained my former position, and all the seductions of the world were let loose upon me. I lived on recklessly, madly, without thought of the morrow; yet I was always restless, sated, and unhappy. Thus I continued until May last year. The month of May was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Valère; choirs of amateurs were formed under the direction of the Prince de la Moskowa, and they sang and chanted at the Benediction. One evening the prince, whom I had the honour of knowing, begged me to take his place at St. Valère. I went, with no other thought than the love of my art and the pleasure of doing a kindness. During the ceremony I felt nothing unusual; but when the moment of benediction came, although I had not the slightest thought of prostrating myself, I felt within me an unwonted agitation. My soul, stunned and bewildered by the whirl of my pleasures, came to itself; I felt that something hitherto unknown to me was taking place within me. I was unconsciously, and without any concurrence of my own will, constrained to bow myself. The following Friday I was affected in precisely the same manner; and I was suddenly impressed with the idea of becoming a Catholic. A few days after this I was passing the same church, the bell was ringing for Mass; I went in and heard the Mass, motionless and attentive; I heard one Mass, two Masses, three, four Masses, without thinking of leaving the church; I could not conceive what held me there. In the evening I felt myself drawn again by a kind of spell to the same church; again the bell was ringing, again I entered. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed; and no sooner did I see it, than I was drawn gently towards the communion-rail and fell on my knees. I prostrated myself, without effort of my own, at the moment of benediction; and on raising my head again I felt a sweet and gentle repose in my whole soul. I went home, and tried to sleep; but all night long the Blessed Sacrament was before my eyes. I felt a burning desire to hear Mass again, and I heard many with an interior joy which absorbed all my faculties. Then, urged by the grace which had so unexpectedly touched my heart, I went to Madame la Duchesse de Rauzan, and begged her to introduce me to a priest. She referred me to M. l'Abbé Legrand, and I am happy under his direction. . . ."

M. Asnarez stated further, that within a very short time Hermann had discharged all his debts, notwithstanding the disturbances of 1848. "It is true," said he, "that on New Year's day I had charged St. Joseph to pay my debts."

In a letter to M. Ratisbonne, whose conversion resembles his own in more than one point, Hermann confirms this account. He says:

"I felt something like a heavy weight resting on my body, which compelled me to bow my head, and even to prostrate myself to the ground before the Blessed Sacrament, in spite of myself. But the devil was not cast out. I was tempted again; I did not resist; my debilitated soul was powerless to defend itself. I had a conversation with M. l'Abbé Legrand,* who took great interest in my statement, and lent me an exposition of the Catholic faith. At this time I had to give some concerts at Ems in Germany. There, at a distance from my old friends, human respect restrained me no longer; and the first Sunday, August 8, 1847, I received the gift of a supernatural contrition; . . . the grace of God came down upon me in its fulness of might. At the moment of the Elevation my tears began to flow abundantly, and with a feeling of intense pleasure and relief. . . . O blessed moment, moment for ever memorable to me! Even now I implore God to grant that the exquisite memory of that moment may be for ever graven on my heart with the ineffaceable characters of a faith superior to every shock, and a gratitude commensurate with the blessings with which He then deigned to inundate me. I felt then, without doubt, what St. Augustine felt in his garden at Cassiacum when he heard the words, *Tolle, lege*; what you must have felt, my dear father, in that church at Rome when the Blessed Virgin condescended to appear to you. I remember well the tears of my childhood; but never, never have I shed tears like them. As they streamed over my face, I felt in the very depth of my soul the gnawing and sting of my conscience, and a piercing, rending, crushing remorse for the sins of my life past. Suddenly and spontaneously, as it were by intuition, I began to offer to God a general confession of all my enormous offences; I saw them there, spread out before me, thousands and tens of thousands, hideous, repulsive, revolting, deserving all the anger of my just Judge. . . . And yet I felt a mysterious tranquillity of soul, like a soothing balm poured over all its wounds; a something which assured me that the God of mercy would pardon all my sins; that He would accept in pity my contrition, my bitter sorrow, my strenuous repentance. Yes, I resolved then

* At present curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

to love Him above all things; when I left that church of Ems I was already a Christian—a Christian as far as one can be before Holy Baptism. . . .”

Hermann was baptised on the 28th August 1847, the feast of St. Augustine. The ceremony was performed by M. Legrand, in the chapel of Notre Dame de Sion, Rue du Regard—the chapel of the community of converts from Judaism, over which M. Ratisbonne presides. He speaks thus of his baptism in the letter to M. Ratisbonne, from which we have already quoted:

. . . “While the priest was pouring the sacred water on my brow, and naming the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my whole frame quivered as beneath a shock of electricity. . . . The eyes of my body were closed, but at that instant the eyes of my newly-born *Christian soul* opened to a supernatural clearness of illumination. . . . I saw—my bodily eyes closed, but the eyes of my soul expanded blissfully—I saw an unutterable splendour, unlimited, boundless—an abyss of glory in which my eye ranged deeper and yet deeper, further and further still, and met no obstacle, no limit; every where were blessed spirits, robed in beauty, and chanting hymns of harmony, ravishing ineffably; and the radiant wings of cherubim shook sweet odours upon me, and a glad warmth pervaded me; and my eye ranged on and yet on, and in the midst was a light, a brilliancy dazzling beyond words—a throne;—and on this throne One fair in eternal youth, and His sacred Mother on His right hand, and at His feet the great army of saints, clothed in the glowing hues of the rainbow; they turned on me a look of unspeakable love—all heaven was rejoicing in my baptism. . . . Oh, my dear father, I ought to tear this paper to pieces; for it does not contain one single image adequate to the reality on which I then gazed! Your practised soul will comprehend my meaning *in God*, as we love one another in Jesus Christ; for I feel a sweet tranquillity, a perfect peace, the rest of a child in its mother’s bosom. I neither desire nor fear aught on earth; I do my actions as well as I can, with a sweet, free, and joyous attention, and leave their issue to God. . . .”

From this moment Hermann belonged no more to the world. The inspiration of his life is seen in the motto which heads all his letters: “*Tout pour Jésus!*—all for Jesus.”

He made his first communion on the 8th September 1847, and received at the same time the scapular; and on the 2d December he was confirmed by the Archbishop of Paris. This was one of the last confirmations given by Monseigneur Affre, who so soon afterwards offered his life on the barricades to stay

the effusion of the blood of his flock. From that moment Hermann detached himself yet more from the world, with a touching and faithful simplicity: after having known all its intoxications and proved all its incapacity to bless the soul, he was enabled readily to apprehend and to penetrate the truths and mysteries of religion, of which he had known absolutely nothing; he was drawn by the grace of God to prefer the narrow obscurity of a cell to the saloons of the capital which had been the scene of his triumphant successes; and he was endued with courage and with patience to surmount all the obstacles in his way, to support mortifications, his rejection by his parents, and the austerities of one of the Church's severest orders. From that moment his soul was filled with a burning love of God, chastened with a holy reverence and awe; and he could pass the rest of his days prostrate before the tabernacle, exclaiming with devout enthusiasm: "I have found Him whom my soul loveth; I hold Him, and will not let Him go."

One of the first efforts of the ardent convert was the extension to his own sex of that privilege of the perpetual adoration which had hitherto been exclusively possessed by the other. He was distressed at not being allowed to remain one night in the chapel of the Carmelites at Paris, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. He was told that only women could remain the whole night there. He retired in sorrow, and the next day began his efforts to establish a society of men to honour with this noblest honour the King of kings. He succeeded at length; and the first nocturnal exposition took place in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, on the 6th December 1848. Immediately afterwards, M. Charles Letellier, one of Hermann's chosen friends, who has since become so renowned in the order of St. Francis, set out for Rouen and other principal cities. Other fervent young men lent their aid; and within a short time this devotion was extended to Bourdeaux, Tours, Rouen, and other towns, until they rejoiced in more than thirty associations in union with their own. Thus they gave to this august worship a character of universality and permanence in France.

Those who have had the privilege of assisting at one of these nocturnal adorations will not soon forget it. There is a gathering of men, young and old, of all ranks and of all callings,—soldiers and officers,—all prostrate before the altar of the living God. There they remain for hours, their eyes fixed on the Sun of Justice; their hearts full of joy and of sweet calm peace; their lips murmuring some words of love and adoration and trust and hope; while without are heard the

songs and the oaths of the slaves of sin. Yes, already the reward of the one and the punishment of the other has begun; for while the worshippers of Jesus are saying with the apostle on Thabor, "It is good for us to be here," the wretched votaries of sin betray, by their wild cries, the agitation of their conscience, and the horror of the future which awaits them unless they repent.

Hermann has expressed some of his feelings in the dedication of a little volume of hymns he composed in honour of the Divine Eucharist :

"O adorable Sacrament, exhilarating stream at which my thirsting lips have drunk the blessed first-fruits of eternal life, my heart runs over with joy. I must bless Thee, and tell of Thy praises; for now my brethren of Paris enjoy a happiness beyond words: day by day and every day they see Thee open the doors of Thy loving prison to present Thyself to their enraptured gaze, to their perpetual adoration! And the bells of this capital ring out to announce Thee; and long processions unfold their banners, to accompany Thee in triumphant gladness; and the chief pastor establishes, in the churches wherein Thou art to be adored, a solemn and magnificent worship. . . .

"O my God, my heart expands, tears of joy stream from my eyelids—what a triumph for the faith! what a blissful, bright augury for France! No, O my God, God of goodness, Father of mercies, never wilt Thou allow a country to perish in which Thine own people give Thee such fervent assurance of a holy love! Bless the prelate who renders eternal the memory of his episcopate by an act thus glorious; write his name for ever in the book of Thine elect! Bless these numerous and faithful ones who throng Thine holy altars; inflame them more and yet more with that fire which Thou art come to send upon earth, and whose living flames break forth from the Sacrament of Thy love. . . ."

After thus having paid his homage of gratitude to the present Archbishop of Paris for instituting the perpetual adoration, he continues :

"O adorable and adored Jesus! well does it become *me* to mingle my songs with those of all Paris. For it is in this city, and hidden behind the eucharistic veils, that Thou hast unveiled to me the eternal and unchanging truth; and the first mystery that Thou didst disclose to my heart was Thy real presence in the Most Holy Sacrament.

"Did I not long, while yet a Jew, to rush forward to the holy table and press Thee to my captivated heart? And if I loudly craved baptism, was it not, above all things, in order

to unite myself to Thee? Restless and unquiet, sighing for that glad day of my life, I wept tears of jealous envy when I saw others communicate; I devoured with my eyes that little Host within which Thy love for men has imprisoned an infinite God! . . .

“What Thou didst at that time for my consolation, during my sorrowful expectation and the days of my deferred hope, I may not tell: *Secretum meum mihi*.

“Admitted at length to this heavenly banquet, I drew thence an unknown energy. That flesh divine transformed me into a new man; that talisman preserved me in the assaults of a tempting world; that treasure detached me from all which before subjugated me with a master’s hand. The hours of the day flew along too swiftly in gazing on Thee; I gathered to myself Christians glowing with kindred zeal, and we passed nights, whole nights, in Thy holy courts. . . . At evening the hand of Thy priest exposed Thee on the altar; and the dawning day found us still prostrate before Thy brightness. . . .

“O nights indescribable! may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and may my right hand forget its cunning, if ever I forget you! . . . In those ecstatic nights, O my Jesus, Thou didst draw me towards Thyself with an attraction so mighty, with a charm so sweet, so tender, so loving, that the last link that bound me to earth was snapped in twain; and I ran far from the busy city to throw myself into Thine arms, to live entirely to Thee, with no divided love, for ever! . . .”

His one wish was to devote himself to God in the priesthood. On Ascension Day, 1849, he commenced a retreat which lasted until Whitsunday; and during its course he received some mysterious intimation, and resolved on becoming a Carmelite.

With the tardy and reluctant consent of his director, he set off at once for Agen.

There is in this city a convent placed under the double invocation of our Lady of Mt. Carmel and of St. Teresa. Its site was formerly occupied by a hermit, and it is thence called still the Hermitage. It is now occupied by a community of Carmelites. After a retreat of seventeen days, he was allowed to enter the novitiate at Broussy, in the commune of Rions, near Bourdeaux. From August 6th to September 3d he remained in his cell, meditating on his vocation; but when the desire of his heart was granted him, the necessary authorisation was refused at Rome. The motives of this refusal were the dissolute life the postulant had led in the world, and the short time that had elapsed since his conversion. Hermann was

not, however, discouraged. He set off at once for Rome; and the simplicity and evident sincerity of his request obtained for him the necessary dispensations.

He was admitted a novice at Broussy on his return, and received the habit on the 6th October 1849. The convent at Broussy is the cradle of the restored order of Carmes-déchaussés in France. It is about eight leagues from Bourdeaux, on the summit of a steep hill. There, in prayer, meditation, and study, live about twenty religious, who have all held a distinguished position in France or in Spain. And there Hermann took up his abode, in a narrow cell, the furniture of which was a bed, consisting of a plank supported on two blocks of wood, and the inscription, "*Au Carmel et au Jugement, Dieu seul et moi!*"

Hermann conformed himself with joyful obedience to his rule. He seemed to have lost all memory of the brilliant circles of which he had been the ornament and the delight. It may interest the reader to know the kind of life in which Hermann found that peace which he had sought in vain amidst the honours and sinful pleasures of the world.

At a quarter to twelve every night the bell of the part of the convent appropriated to the novices is rung by a lay brother. At this signal there is an eager emulation to seize the rattle* which is suspended in the passage of the dormitory, in order to gain the indulgences accorded to the most vigilant and alert of the novices. The happy possessor kneels and sounds his rattle thrice, after which he pronounces slowly and gravely the following words: "Blessed and praised be our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin Mary His Mother! My brethren, let us go to matins to give glory to our Lord!" At midnight, both the novices and the fathers go to the choir in procession, chanting the *Miserere*, and sing matins and lauds. At half-past one, when the office is over, the novices assemble in their oratory, where, after a brief spiritual reading, they make half-an-hour's meditation, which is closed by the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Soon after two they are dismissed to their cells to rest until about a quarter to five. Then the bell is again rung, and the rattle becomes again the prize of the most wakeful novice. They again enter the choir, chanting the *Miserere*; there they sing prime and tierce, then they proceed to spiritual reading and meditation, by the feeble light of a lamp which succeeds only in making the darkness visible. At six o'clock they go into their oratory,

* This rattle (*crécelle*) is made of three pieces of wood, about the breadth of the hand. The two outer pieces are moveable, and when struck upon the central piece produce a sharp creaking noise, which may be heard at a great distance.

from which they soon return to their cells to await the hour appointed for Mass. There are Masses from six o'clock until eleven. The interval is occupied in spiritual reading, and at half-past ten they sing sext and none, and then make the examen of conscience which precedes dinner. This examen is made with rigorous exactness; as soon as it is over they go in procession to the refectory, chanting the *De profundis*. The refectory presents only four white-washed walls, with a wooden cross suspended over the place occupied by the superior. His only other distinction is a skull placed on the table before him. The table and the benches are ranged along the walls. It is always laid—a fork and a wooden spoon for each brother, rolled up with a small knife in a coarse napkin. There is a brown earthen pitcher of water, fruit and vegetables, and very rarely, on high festivals, a little fish. These are served in little porringers by a lay brother. The frugal meal lasts about half-an-hour; the silence is broken only by the reading of a chapter of Holy Scripture and some book of devotion. After dinner they pass into the convent-garden, where the novices and their master walk up and down on one side and the fathers on the other. They walk one after the other in profound silence, unless they have express permission to talk; then they walk two and two, that is, each with the companion allotted to him. To this recreation succeeds a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then, while some avail themselves of a permitted siesta (a custom imported from Spain by the founders of the order), others occupy themselves with manual labour. At two o'clock vespers are sung, and after vespers the novices assemble in their oratory to say the rosary and receive the instructions of their master. At three they are dismissed to their cells for the purpose of study; but from the 14th of September to Easter they prepare themselves in an especial manner for prayer or meditation until a quarter to five. At five they meditate until six; then follows compline, and at six they take collation. Then they go into the oratory of the fathers, in which is the library; there they recite the *De profundis*, and the prayers of the saints of the order. At seven they again say *De profundis, secretò*, for the souls in purgatory; and at half-past seven the novices go to their own oratory, pray for a short time, receive the blessing of the master of novices, and are dismissed to their cells. At the last stroke of the hour of eight every lamp is extinguished, and no sound breaks the profound stillness. At half-past eight every one should be in bed; one only of the novices leaves his cell, goes out into the gallery, and placing himself so as to be heard by every one, he pronounces in a solemn,

slow, measured voice some sentence calculated to leave an edifying impression on the mind at the moment when the eyes are being closed for a short sleep until a quarter to twelve. It is a short interval of rest, doubtless; but the rest is so full of peace, and so free from all the distractions which torment and weary it in the world, that no where is sleep more calm or more profound than in a Carmelite monastery.

Such was the life of the gay and luxurious Hermann. He even added to it, with the permission of his superiors, many mortifications and other practices which impressed on his vocation a seal of touching fervour. During recreation he was noted for his cheerfulness; in the refectory for extreme abstinence; and he took every night two hours from his time of sleep that he might spend them in solitary adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Still, the austerity of his life cast no gloom upon his happy and buoyant soul; it chastened, indeed, but did not crush his fancy, it disciplined and invigorated his mind.

An unexpected visit from his mother formed a singular episode in his novitiate during the year 1850. She came alone, full of zeal for Judaism, anxious to reclaim her wandering son. She contrived to place herself so as to see Hermann walking in the garden, during recreation, without being seen by him. To her surprise he was cheerful and gay, even overflowing with happiness. She went to vespers; at the first note of the organ she recognised the well-known touch of her son, and was melted to tears. Their meeting was very affecting. Her chief concern was that "they had made her dear boy such a fright with that coarse brown robe and that shaven crown!" She made many attempts to win him again to what she called the true religion of his fathers; and at length left him, amazed at the strength of his delusion, and sorrowing bitterly over the frustration of her ambitious hopes, and puzzled by his perverse and unaccountable joyousness and contentedness.

Hermann was admitted to take the vows on the 7th October 1850, and with them the name of Frère Augustin-Marie du Très-Saint-Sacrement. After due preparation, he received the tonsure and minor orders; and was ordained priest on Holy Saturday, 19th April 1851. The next day, Easter Day, he said his first Mass, and in the course of the week preached his first sermon. True to the one inspiration of his life, he selected for his subject the blessedness of frequent communion. Two quiet but laborious years followed, during which Frère Augustin-Marie was occupied in preaching at Bourdeaux and in many parts of the south of France with singular eloquence and with great success. The perpetual adora-

tion was almost universally established, and numerous conversions were effected.

On the 8th December 1852, he made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Peyragude. Its object must be told in his own words:

“ O my Mother! I have forsaken for thy divine Son and thee a mother upon earth; wilt thou not restore her to me one day? She is now, as was her son in days that are past, sitting in the shadow of death. She knows not that the bright Star of Jacob has risen, and that It has been shining undimmed for ages in the firmament of the Church. She knows not that thou wert the sweet dawn of this bright day, and that thy tender radiance never ceases to direct our erring steps towards the Sun of Justice, which God has set on high to enlighten all nations and to be the glory of His people.

“ O Mary, daughter of Israel! she is of thy family; turn on her thy compassionate and loving eyes.

“ O Mary, thou hast saved the son; suffer him not to be for ever separated from his mother! She is thy image and type to me, and the thought of her never comes alone to my heart. She brought me forth in sorrow; and thou too, thou hast given me a second, a new life, at the cost of all the sorrows of Calvary.

“ O Mother of Jesus! O *my* Mother! if thoughts of earth live on in heaven, can I see you without *her* and be completely happy there? will not her eternal loss bring a cloud over my bliss?

“ O ye all, who unite with me in this prayer, ask for a son, of Mary, the conversion of a mother; and soon shall I resume my pilgrim's staff, to sing my hymns of thanksgiving to Notre Dame de Peyragude.”

Through the veil of mystery which the writer of this account has thrown over this family, we see clearly that one member of it was converted by the sight of Frère Augustin carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession, and that a second has been subsequently converted in some way equally inexplicable on ordinary principles of judgment.

In 1853, F. Augustin's health, always feeble, failed beneath his burden of labour and his unrelaxing austerities. He spent some time near Hyères, preaching at intervals or playing the organ in the churches of the neighbourhood. We cannot refrain from transcribing portions of two letters written during this affliction. If it be true that the style is the man, they will tend to give a clearer idea of the character of Frère Augustin-Marie:

"Pax Christi.

All for Jesus.

"Castebelle, near Hyères, 6th June 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR AND BELOVED BROTHER IN JESUS,

"May the Divine Sacrament be the object of our love and the source of our joy! I would have sent you what you request, were I not so weak, so full of suffering. Yes, I suffer much; but I love suffering. Oh, how sweet it is to suffer with Jesus, to suffer in love for Jesus! Yes, my happiness has greatly increased.

"Formerly I was always on Thabor, inundated with consolations; but something was wanting; my lips had never touched the chalice of the bitter griefs of our Jesus; and I thirsted for it—thirsted to suffer for love of Jesus. Now for two years I have not passed a single day without tasting this divine gall, and I love it exceedingly. Oh, may I remain until my last sigh on Calvary with my Saviour—I ask no more. I often enjoy my sufferings more than, in days that are past, I enjoyed His divine consolations.

"We are allowed the great privilege of having the Most Holy Sacrament in our house here; oh, that I could abide before It day and night!

"Let us love Jesus! this is the great secret of being happy.

"I pray you to believe me, in Jesus and Mary,

"Your very unworthy servant,

"Fr. A. M. du T. S. S."

"Pax Christi.

All for Jesus.

"MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND IN JESUS,

23d June 1853.

"Glory be to the cross of our loving Jesus! I am now indeed on my cross; and I am, I assure you, as content as you can imagine. Yes, my happiness has gone on increasing day by day since I have moistened my thirsting lips at His chalice of sorrow. To suffer for Jesus, in unison with Jesus, is this nothing? oh, it is rapture! I am to be in the Pyrenees until the 10th of August; but shall I recover? I am now stretched on a mattress, with a violent eruption on my leg; from my knee to my foot is one open wound. I am sometimes unable to write a line for five or six days.

"I am here in a country of wondrous beauty—like fairy-land. Fancy the climate of Hyères: a garden on the sea-coast, a lovely valley, protected from the north winds by a semicircular range of hills clothed with olives, orange-trees, pines, and almond-trees. Two magnificent palms shoot upwards be-

fore my solitary house. One might fancy oneself away in the far East. Where the valley ends, there is a sea more blue than the sky, and in the sea those ravishing golden islets so often sung by poets: an indefatigable choir of nightingales chant around me day and night; and then, amidst all this beauty, quite close to me,—close to the couch on which I lie, a little chapel, and in the little chapel a little tabernacle, and in this tabernacle . . . Himself! Jesus, our Love, who condescends to abide there for me, for me alone, as long as I remain in this balmy solitude. Oh, what thanksgivings can I render to this beloved Jesus!

“And then, care so admirable, so incessant, so full of love! You must allow that, if Jesus wills to make me whole, here is all that is necessary to restore a dying man, without any miracle at all. And yet my health has not improved in the least.

“I have not been able to write a single line of music—complete incapacity—the will of Jesus is my paradise.

“Yours wholly in Jesus and Mary,

“Fr. A. M. du T. S. S.

“*Carme-déchaussé.*

“Pray for me.”

Nevertheless, on the 3d of August, at the close of a novena made for him at Bagnères, he suddenly recovered so as to be able to sing High Mass without fatigue. In the later autumn he relapsed again, and his sufferings were very great. His physicians attributed his illness to the continued struggle of his firm will with a body, the members of which had been so long in revolt, and were now so suddenly reduced to an obedience so absolute. At this time he writes:

“The likeness of our father, St. John of the Cross, has given me great pleasure. Like this first wonderful Carme-déchaussé, I too beg of Jesus, at Mass, *pati et contemni pro Te*.* But, alas! my prayer is scarcely heard; for what are my little sufferings, when compared with those of this vigorous athlete? And as to the contempt I deserve, I succeed even worse; and I shudder to think of the account I must give of the good opinion people persist in having of so miserable and despicable a sinner as I am. Pray for me. Let us love Jesus; all else is less than nothing. . . .”

Since this time Frère Augustin has, whenever his health allowed him, traversed a great part of France, animated by the one desire “to propagate the perpetual adoration throughout the whole of France.” On the 24th of April 1854, he preached in the church of St. Sulpice at Paris, with great

* To suffer and to be despised for Thee.

effect, to an overflowing congregation. A young Jew connected with the administration of railroads was converted, and bade adieu to the world for the solitudes of Mount Carmel. Every where his words have produced great and lasting effects in the conversion of sinners, and in promoting the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The reader will now see from this brief sketch the motive and significance of the name chosen by this favoured servant of God, and the reason of the special direction of all his efforts. We need make no comment upon this conversion. We do not narrate it as something apart and beyond expectation. To the Catholic it is only a revelation to sense of that omnipotent action of grace which is always visible to faith, though ordinarily veiled and hidden from our bodily eyes. The same Blessed Sacrament is upon our altars too, and awaits our approach in the silent tabernacle. The Eye which pierced the shadow of death in which Hermann was sitting is fixed on each one of us, as if to ask, "And what wilt thou that I do unto thee?" The might which shivered the chains of his captivity to sin is put forth day by day in our midst; and if it has not touched and healed and assimilated us, it is not that the hand of the Lord is shortened, or the stream of His benediction stinted, but—because of our unbelief.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

VIEWS IN CONNECTION WITH THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN.*

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me the opportunity of publishing in your pages the following reflections on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception? I offer them simply as suggestions, which I am ready to retract, so far as erroneous.

In order to understand the doctrine that our Blessed Lady was conceived without spot of original sin, it is necessary first of all to have a clear idea of what original sin is, and, on seve-

* In inserting the following letter, we beg to state that we are only answerable for it to the extent usual in the case of other correspondence. It will not, however, be impertinent to remind some of our readers, that there are opinions held by many Catholics on the subject of original sin which are entirely matters of private opinion, and not included in the decrees of Trent; and from which consequently the writer of the present communication is quite at liberty to dissent.

ral points, of what it is not. For no doctrine has been more incrustated with accidental and extraneous matter than this.

Adam, it must not be forgotten, was of precisely the same nature with us; no organ of the body or brain, no faculty of the soul, has been added to or taken away from human nature. Its integrity has been wholly preserved, so that naturally any given man may be as perfect a specimen of humanity as Adam was. It is nothing that has been lost or gained for our nature that constitutes original sin. It remains, then, that the alteration effected by it should consist in something supernatural taken away or added, which may possibly affect the development, not the real existence, of our various bodily and mental powers.

Such a supernatural thing is the gift which was granted to Adam on his creation—a gift known as that of “original justice,” which maintained the faculties of his soul in perfect subjection to the will, and the powers of the body in obedience to those of the soul, thus accidentally conferring impassibility and immortality on Adam’s body. Adam was by nature no more impassible or immortal than we are; he had naturally as many contending passions, desires, and inclinations as we have; his mind naturally worked as ours works through the organs of the brain, and its development naturally depended, as does that of our mind, on the relative perfection of these organs. The animal life of his body was governed by the same laws as that of ours; and if our first parents had continued in their state of innocence, the minds and bodies of their children would doubtless have been developed in the same gradual way as at present.

Original sin is essentially and formally the loss of this gift. It is a withdrawal of the supernatural “original justice,” and a consequent abandonment of man to the course of nature. His nature was at first as passible, as contradictory, as impulsive as now; but the passible, inconsistent, impulsive nature was controlled by a supernatural power. The withdrawal of this was letting nature have its course; and man suffered and felt mastered by his passions, not because his nature was changed, but because he was left to himself. This is, as St. Thomas teaches, the essential or formal part of original sin. By it certain consequences are occasioned in the soul and the body, and these consequences are looked upon as forming the material part of this curse of our nature.

1. The soul of man, abandoned to itself, to its own nature, lost all power of attaining the end for which it was created. It is created with a faculty for enjoying God; but this faculty does not create God; it can no more supply its aliment than

the teeth and stomach can secrete and provide the food which they masticate and digest. God must condescend to the soul, or the soul cannot rise to God. It cannot lift itself up from the valley to the mountain-top by the hair of its own head. Left to its own nature, its end is changed; the supernatural end for which it was at first created becomes unattainable, and it is obliged to pursue a natural end;—one of those objects which its natural powers can propose to it, can comprehend, and can attain. Some of these powers are merely animal, and tend to brute enjoyment; others are human, and tend to rational ends, to the contemplation of the universe, and to the natural knowledge of God. This is the highest end to which the soul, deprived of the gift of original justice, can aspire. Measuring, then, the grade of a creature by its final cause, by its end and purpose, man was evidently degraded by the fall; he fell to a lower platform of being, to a lower order; instead of a supernatural being, intended to enjoy the beatific vision of God, he became a natural being, incapable of this enjoyment; unable to aim beyond natural objects.

But though man was thus degraded, his nature continued intact; there still remained in him the faculty by which he could enjoy God; what he wanted was the supernatural assistance to enable him to attain to the object of this faculty. Man, therefore, was left in an abnormal condition; created for one purpose, and applied to another; and at the same time incapable of receiving perfect satisfaction for the whole of his faculties by the most complete attainment of this substituted end. This degradation constitutes the *guilt* of original sin; and it is only in this sense that guilt can be inherited. In its primary sense, guilt can only attach to actual sin; in its secondary sense, it may signify any degradation, by which a person becomes unworthy of the place he was intended to hold. This degradation is the natural inheritance of every child of Adam, because the degraded is the natural state; the original was a supernatural state; nature can give no more than she has, and by the very force of terms a supernatural gift is one that nature cannot confer. We inherit original sin, because we inherit nature, and only nature, by natural propagation.

2. But man does not consist of soul only. He is soul united to, and acting through, body. He is soul, limited, shaped, individualised, cramped, by body. Pure soul has perfect liberty, because it can directly attain its end without using means. Embodied soul has this liberty destroyed or curtailed. It has no direct power, except that which it can exercise through the muscles of the body; it has no direct

knowledge, except that which it gains through the corporeal senses and through the organs of the brain; and though its faculty of will is free, yet it is subject to the continual harass of the passions and feelings, which present objects for its choice in season and out of season, without its being able to control them; its only liberty being that of assenting to or dissenting from any thing proposed to it. This is the nature of man; but the supernatural gift that Adam possessed ruled this chaos of passions. No passion could be excited, no feeling could arise involuntarily. Not only had the will the ultimate freedom (which it still has) of choosing or refusing each thing proposed to it; but it had also a prior freedom of choice, which enabled it altogether to control the passions and instinctive feelings, and to determine what should and what should not be presented to it to choose from. Motions of anger, lust, and pride could not spontaneously arise from within, without the prior consent of the will. The only possible temptation was an external one, addressed to that instinct in the government of which man's probation was to consist.

Now the loss of this supernatural and auxiliary force evidently not only deprived man of a considerable portion of his freedom of will (namely, of all that prior choice which determines whether a passion shall be excited or not), but at the same time gave the reins to the passions and instincts, removed them in their first motions from the dominion of the will, and left them to be determined by natural and accidental circumstances, by the objects presented to them by the senses, the state of the blood, or the health of the organs of the brain. The passions, instead of being simply instruments of the human reason, excitable by an act of volition, in order to assist the will in carrying out what it had to perform, became animal instincts, threatening to overpower both reason and will, excitable no longer solely by the suggestions of reason and the consent of the will, but by all kinds of fortuitous occasions. Moreover, as these passions are in their nature nothing more than animal instincts, dependent on organs of the body, and subject to all the natural laws of propagation, the power of the passions is evidently a thing which may be inherited. Not only external bodily peculiarities become heirlooms of families and races, but also internal configurations of brain, giving rise to instincts and passions. As diseases, bodily and mental,—epilepsy, insanity, idiocy,—may be inherited, so also may strong passions and ill-balanced organs.

And this is the second material portion of original sin; namely, that ill-balanced condition of our organs which we inherit from Adam, and which produces concupiscence. Con-

cupiscence is a consequence of sin (for sin forfeited the power which could restrain the first motions of passion); it proceeds from sin, and is also the *fomes* or fuel which inclines to sin, and is ever ready to burst into flame. But it does not constitute the essence of original sin (which consists simply in the being deprived of the supernatural gift, and being consequently in a degraded order, outside the possibility of gaining eternal life), as is clear from the fact that Christians have this concupiscence remaining in them, though they are in the way of salvation, and though their original sin is therefore remitted, by the sentence of degradation being annulled, in consequence of the infusion of another supernatural grace instead of that of original justice.

Hence original sin is simply the withholding of a supernatural gift; which withholding is an act of God, depending on the free will of God, not on any natural law.

In its material aspect, both as the continuation of man in his natural state, and as the hereditary transmission of an impaired constitution of body, original sin is a fact in the natural order. Man left to himself is morally and physically a degraded being.

Hence only the material portion of original sin is a positive heirloom, while its essential or formal part is merely negative; and the expression that man inherits the guilt of Adam only means that man naturally continues in the same degraded and abnormal state in which Adam found himself upon the withdrawal of the supernatural gift, that is, in the state of mere nature. This is no "corruption of our nature," as the Anglican article heretically puts it, but simply a leaving nature to itself, so that man becomes animal instead of spiritual.

With this view of original sin, a theodicy, or vindication of the justice of Almighty God in entailing original sin on all Adam's posterity, is easy; whereas with the absurd and exaggerated views of Anglicanism, Calvinism, and Lutheranism, it is quite impossible to reconcile God's dealings with the plainest dictates of justice, not to mention equity and mercy. In Protestant England original sin is considered, by those who believe in it at all, to be the infliction of a God of vengeance, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, and condemning all the posterity of Adam not only to temporal and eternal misery, but to a life of crime, to a sheer inability to fulfil the task demanded of them; to an abyss of defilement which they must enter whether they will or no; to be, in a word, naturally and substantially evil and unclean,—and all this because of one sin of their first parent. No wonder that such a view should stir up men to heretical contradictions, to

revive Pelagianism from its grave, or to invent the sentimental system which Mr. Maurice is now propounding. For such a merciless, such an irrational vengeance is repugnant to all our conceptions of the good God; and the only argument of its defenders is, that we do not know the whole of the case, and that we are not told what compensations God has introduced into the system. I would rather try to explore the whole case; to imagine, at least, these compensations. I would think of the infliction of original sin as a deed of mercy on the part of God to man, who is only placed on the lower level that his fall may be less severe, who is less gifted that less may be required of him, who has fewer talents committed to his keeping that he may have to pay less usury upon them. God has constituted man in an inferior order, and has deprived him of the power of rising beyond it, not so much in punishment of what Adam has done, but to take away the sting of the punishment which God foresees that the individual man would deserve. By the terms of Adam's condition of original justice, his first sin was unpardonable; a new economy was requisite for its forgiveness; there could be no such thing as venial sin against the law of original justice; the least transgression was mortal, because it could only take place with full knowledge and consent. It was a perilous height, to fall from which was certain death. Man was removed from this height, and placed on a lower level, and deprived of the power of ascending, in order that he might at the same time be prevented from descending to a still lower grade, and falling into the extreme of ruin.

But this lower grade is not essentially an evil place; in it man may enjoy all kinds of natural happiness, provided he has never had a glimpse of the supernatural world. To the man who has once been initiated into the hope of the beatific vision, any thing else is mere loss and torment. But to those who have never known this hope, whose instinct for the supernatural has never been enlightened, but remains within them a blind impulse for progress, impelling them continually to leave behind them what they have already acquired, and to strive to reach new heights of power or knowledge,—to these Nature might afford a field for great and noble endeavours, and for wonderful happiness and pleasure, as inexhaustible as the works of God themselves. And this is the state in which "original sin" places man, as may be seen from the following sentences of St. Alphonsus concerning the state of unregenerate infants in the next world: "Though they are excluded from glory, yet, as St. Thomas teaches, no one feels pain for the want of that good of which he is not capable, and to which

he cannot pretend either by the principles of nature or by his own merits. In order to know what he has lost, he would require the supernatural life of faith; but this on the hypothesis he never had; he cannot, therefore, feel unhappiness at the loss of glory which he never knew, but he may, on the contrary, have pleasure in his natural gifts, and may even in some way enjoy God, so far as is implied in natural knowledge and natural love. He will be happy in a natural participation of the divine goodness; he will be united to God by a participation of natural gifts, and so will be able to rejoice in Him by a natural knowledge and love." (*On Prayer*, part ii. cap. 1, ad fin.) Of course, if we make abstraction of actual sin, the state of unregenerate adults is the same: whatever further condemnation they undergo, beyond the negative penalty of a deprivation of the good which they never knew, is due not to original, but to actual sin. Hence St. Alphonsus says, "Of those who are lost, no one is damned for the sin of Adam, but solely for his own fault." The sin of Adam makes us sinners, in that we are no longer born in the supernatural order; but it does not make us sinners in such sense as that we deserve any positive penalty distinct from the negative one of the deprivation of the presence of God. To deserve such penalty it is necessary to commit a personal sin distinct from that of Adam; and to do this, "a new exertion of free will is requisite, and of a free will distinct from that of Adam." Hence man, fallen to the lower level, is put to a new probation, and is required to fulfil a new law; but one much less stringent, much less difficult than the first; and, as the labour is easier, the reward is less. Man is still fallen and guilty, therefore he is cut off from the attainment of the supernatural end for which he was originally created; yet still in the order of nature great and noble ends are proposed to him, which he may attain if he will.

As man in a state of nature may naturally attain to this measure of beatitude, so also (abstraction again being made of any supernatural grace offered to him, and abused by him) he can only naturally sink into a state of natural misery and degradation. There is a supernatural fire, an excess of torment for those who, like Satan, have abused a supernatural gift, as well as for "baptised devils," for Christian souls who have trodden under-foot the Cross of their Redeemer. But for such, if there be any, who have never had supernatural grace, who have merely abused the law of nature and their own natural powers, there may be reserved a natural penalty, the curse of an eternal energy of brutalised instincts; but

there could scarcely be an equality of punishment with apostate spirits and lost Christians.

Again, when man is reduced to a state of nature, the supernatural law is repealed, and he becomes only subject to the law of nature. All degradation in order imports a relaxation in the stringency of the law by which the person is bound. Many things are permitted under the natural law, which a higher law, Patriarchal, Jewish, or Christian, forbids. The natural law is only the rational rule and measure of the natural inclination of man: 1, to preserve his life; 2, to preserve his species; and 3, to gratify his rational, or purely human faculties by the investigation of truth, and by the exercise of virtues (St. Thos., Sum. 2, q. 94, art. 2, in corp.). The man who, in the natural state, conscientiously follows out this law of nature is entitled to the natural reward, as he who breaks it merits the natural punishment.

In what I have now said I do not meddle with the question, How much grace God has bestowed on those who have lived without the pale of His covenants, whether of the Old or New Law; or whether that grace removed those on whom it was conferred from the natural to the supernatural order. I can very well imagine a grace which only helps man to gain the natural reward, the abuse of which therefore merits not a supernatural punishment. Whether the grace ordinarily conferred by God on the heathen world was one that would enable the heathen to merit the beatific vision, or only one that would enable him to merit the natural union with God, such as is granted to unregenerate infants, I do not pretend to decide. I only say, that God would never condemn man to the supernatural penalties of hell, unless he had abused a grace that had been amply sufficient to enable him to gain the supernatural rewards of heaven.

In the old Christian conception, all these states, that of natural reward, of natural punishment, and of supernatural punishment, were classed together under the single name of Hell, as Dante's *Inferno* includes also the limbo of unregenerate but virtuous men. Heaven is the enjoyment of the beatific vision; all else, whatever natural enjoyment it may contain, is classed as Hell. It is, therefore, no objection to my view to say, that Christian doctrine only admits of two final states, Heaven and Hell. The distinguishing characteristic of Hell is the *pœna damni*,—the want of the beatific vision; but this want is no bar to the enjoyment of those who have never had an opportunity of knowing what it is they have lost.

When I think thus of the effects of original sin, I feel that it is God's mercy which subjects all mankind to its operation. Not that I think that conversely it is a cruelty to remove men from this state, and, by giving them the supernatural graces of Christianity, to make them capable of a supernatural reward, and at the same time obnoxious to a supernatural punishment;—for Christianity is not a condition in which the first offence forfeits all its privileges; it is the dispensation of repentance, not of original innocence. Neither, again, can it be a matter of indifference whether the man who lives virtuously under the natural law should or should not listen to the voice of the Christian missionary. He has natural instincts, which nothing but the supernatural can satisfy; and as soon as these instincts are informed of their true end by the preacher, the man is bound to put them in the way of attaining their end. Before he is thus informed, these instincts are blind, and may exhaust themselves in aspirations for endless progress; but after they are once informed, he is bound by the natural law to allow them to seek their legitimate end.

Christianity is the mere mercy of God, restoring us to more than we lost in Adam. But the loss itself that was then inflicted upon us was also a mercy. This, I think, will be clear from the consideration of the four alternatives which appear to me to have been open to Providence after the sin of Adam.

1. God may either provide a remedy for the fallen creature, or He may refuse to him a second chance, as He did to the angels who fell.

If He refused to Adam a second chance by means of a redemption, then He might either destroy our first parents, with all the germs of the human race.—In this case the Tempter would have gained his end, and the Incarnation would have been rendered impossible.

2. Or, still refusing to Adam, and to the individual who falls, any means of redemption, He might have placed all the children, as they were successively born, in the condition of original justice. But then, as Adam and Eve, gifted as they were, placed in Paradise, with no evil example before them, fell, what would have been the case with the children nourished and educated on the knees of reprobate parents, amid scenes of violence, debauchery, and despair, inheriting from their parents deteriorated organs (unless by a continual miracle God had prevented the natural law of descent from taking effect)? If Adam fell, much more would his children be lost, and that almost before attaining full consciousness of their gift.

Or, if God, as He has done, determined in His mercy to give gratuitously, beyond His original promise, a second chance to fallen man, shall He restore him to his original state, or shall He place him in a new condition?

3. With respect to the fallen individuals, it is clearly impossible to restore them to their original state: after a crime original innocence is lost; he who has once been a slave of the devil, cannot be replaced in the state of never having been such a slave. Another probation may, however, be given to the fallen parents, and the original probation to the children. But then this probation, to be like the original one of Adam and of the angels, must be one in which there is but one chance; the character of the trial is quite changed the moment that the person knows that if he falls from his present position, another economy is open to him. The angels were tried, and no place of repentance was given to those who fell; Adam was tried, and though God had denounced death for the first offence, yet by a pure act of gratuitous mercy another chance was provided for him. But if God puts another into the state of Adam, with the same threat of final penalty for the first offence, we cannot expect that He would again make an exception, without attributing to Him a kind of deception,—a use of words, not once, but again and again, in a sense which He does not intend to verify. If, then, the children of Adam are to be restored to his original state, they must exhaust the merits of the Redeemer in regard to them in this one grace. They must consent to risk all upon this one die; for they cannot expect that God will make a rule of contradicting His own laws and His own denunciations. God might, of course, place the children of pardoned Adam in Adam's original state; but then the children must not count upon the second chance which was granted to Adam; otherwise the state of original justice becomes a probation quite different from what it was in the case of Adam and the angels. Adam is pardoned; but Adam's children cannot be pardoned if they fall from original justice.

4. But, thank God, we are not exposed to this risk. God has not raised us to this giddy height, from which we should most certainly have fallen. He has withdrawn His supernatural gift, and has placed us on a level, where there is no such precipice to fall over. The knowledge of our supernatural end, and the means of attaining it, are removed from us, and we are become capable of only natural happiness and misery. We are placed in a state of ignorance and weakness in which God can "wink" at our sins without violence to His justice or holiness. And when we are raised from this state,

it is not to the original condition of Adam that we are advanced, but to a condition in which every fresh sin is pardonable; to the economy of penance, not to the economy of original justice and innocence.

Still, there is nothing impossible in the third alternative. God evidently might have constituted all the children of fallen Adam in his original condition. Why, then, did He not do so? Because, in His mercy, He thought the fourth alternative the safer condition for man. But if there were any creatures to whom the privilege of the third alternative could safely be conceded, there is nothing to prevent it. There is no impossibility in individuals being exempted from original sin. If it is only a degradation inflicted upon man for his safety by God's mercy, we might expect that the same mercy would exempt individuals from its operation wherever it was consistent with their safety. For, after all, original sin is nothing in the nature of things; there is no substance of evil which can propagate itself. Though God withdrew from man and his descendants the supernatural gift which they had abused, and reduced them all to a mere state of animal nature, in which they are the rational rulers of the creatures beneath them, yet He was bound to do so by no law, by no rigid and necessary rule, only by His own free will, and by His mercy, justice, and holiness. It was a free act, which could at any time be freely revoked.

In other words, an immaculate conception is no violation of the order of nature: it is a miracle, but of grace, not of nature; it is no more a law of nature that men should be conceived with or without a supernatural gift, than that they should be born, live, and die, with or without opportunities of receiving the sacraments. It is a law of nature that man should spring from man; but nature cannot determine what supernatural gift God shall withhold or bestow when man first comes to be. It would be a miracle in the natural order if a man sprung from a brute; not so if a man with the gift of original justice sprung from a sinner.

For, I repeat, there are no natural means of propagating moral evil: it has no substance, that it should have a material power of reproduction. The law of the propagation of any thing that can be called sin must be sought not in nature, but in the will of God, and in His attributes of love, mercy, purity, and justice. The act by which He causes original sin to be inherited, cannot be the result of mere vengeance, or of justice untempered by mercy. We must rather seek its reason in the principle so much insisted upon by our Lord and by St. Paul, that sin is not imputed where the law is not;

that those who have not heard Christ's words, nor seen His works, but are blind, have not sin. God, therefore, "concluded all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all." (Rom. v. 13; John xv. 22, 24, ix. 41; Rom. xi. 32.) He degraded man to a lower order, where the supernatural law bound him not, that he might not be liable to the extreme penalty of those who transgress it. When fences are removed, the sheep may stray and become wild, but they cannot be punished for having leaped over the fold.

We are, therefore, born in sin by no natural law, but because it is good for us: because the mercy of God will not set us on a high place, from which He knows we shall only fall helplessly: because it is only kind to take away our power of gaining heaven, which, in fact, we should not gain, in order that we need not be abandoned to a supernatural punishment. Original sin is a degradation, not a defilement; the abandonment of man to his animal nature, not any addition to his nature, like a lump of filth kneaded into the mass of our body. It is not that the germs of our bodies, existing in those of Adam and Eve, became morally contaminated and evil—for moral evil is in the soul, not in the body; and the soul of each individual comes forth from God's hands pure and uncorrupted, whatever may be its weaknesses and its frailties.

Nor does its union with the body necessarily induce guilt and degradation, except with reference to its own safety. God can, if He chooses, and if He sees that it is consonant with His mercy, exempt any one from the action of the rule; and that one was so exempted, is now an article of faith in the Church. Mary, and Mary alone, was conceived in the state of original justice. I will not attempt to pry into the reasons of God's predestination; but the fact that she alone was predestined for this glory, proves that she alone was worthy of it, whether her worthiness depended on her predestination, or whether, as we may assume on the Molinist theory, the predestination followed God's foresight of her worthiness. On this theory we may say, that if God foresaw in any soul that He had created that it would persevere in original justice, He would confer the gift upon that soul. That He has done so to one proves that He might have done so to all; that He has done so to only one, proves that this one alone was worthy; for, on this theory, predestination follows foreseen merit, or foreseen co-operation with grace. In what way all the thousands of saints would have been unworthy of this higher grace I do not pretend to say; this alone is certain, that Mary is the only one to whom God has seen fit to com-

mit the treasure which Adam failed to keep, she is the only one whom He has trusted on that perilous height; and it seems to me, if we may argue on the subject at all, that this must be because she alone could be safely trusted with the treasure, with that keen weapon, that beautiful but dangerous gift, with which Adam so sorely wounded himself. Any other man, of the millions who have lived or who are to live, would probably, in some way or other, have failed in this high and difficult probation.

Considered in this way, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception appears to be good, on the one hand to explain and bring home to us the justice and mercy of the infliction of the penalties of original sin on all of us; and on the other to glorify the unapproached excellence of Mary, not so much in her external dignity as Mother of God, but in her internal perfections, of which our Lord said, comparing them with her external gifts, "rather blessed are they who hear the Word of God, and keep it."

If any thing that I have here advanced is contrary to the faith of the Church, I hereby retract it; what I have written is my own private speculation, which, of course, I intend to keep within the limits prescribed by the Church.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

R. P. S.

Reviews.

PROTESTANT ACCOUNTS OF FRENCH CONVENTS.

1. *A Glance behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France; with an Insight into the Working of the Roman Church System, as compared with our own.* Lumley.
2. *Sisters of Charity, and some Visits with them: being Letters to a Friend in England.* Masters.

MR. T. CHAMBERS has not yet appreciated the greatness of his position, or realised the extent of the efforts required from him by that position. He is a man of discernment; he perceives that convents have a great deal to do with the progress of Catholicism, and that as long as they are tolerated, Protestantism is likely to be the sufferer. It may be very difficult to put them down; the very proposition may contradict the very first principles of "civil and religious freedom;" it may exhibit "private judgment" in the least winning aspect, as

the watchword of men who have no notion of allowing their neighbours either to think or to act for themselves;—nay, who will not even hear of their surrendering their liberty or renouncing their property for the glory of God and the good of man. The warfare against convents may (as a warfare against women) be as dishonourable as it is iniquitous; and it may be nearly as hopeless as it is dishonourable: yet still it must be persisted in. Necessity knows no law. It is all very well for Protestants of learning to say that conventual institutions have existed, both in the East and the West, from the time that Christianity began to lift up her head, depressed by persecution, and conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is all very well for philosophic Protestants to discover that in the conventual life is to be found the true Christian communism, and the surest antidote against that political communism which threatens to undermine society. Nevertheless, Protestantism is nearer the mark in its instincts than in its speculations; and the instinct of Protestantism declares that convents must be put down.

And Protestantism is so far wise in its generation. The convent is the most formidable of popular arguments in favour of Catholicism. The case is a simple one. Our Lord “went about doing good;” and so does His Church. Prejudice may shut her ears against sound doctrine; but the healing touch is recognised by all. The hand that raises the sick man may also couch the eyes of the blind. Institutions that teach as none beside can teach, convert the hospital itself into a place of rest and joy, provide for the aged and the deserted, when the state, in the attempt to do so, too often but increases pauperism; the institutions which do noiselessly and perfectly what all the clamorous and multifarious mechanical contrivances of secular society fail in doing well; and, above all, which do cheaply what secular institutions do at an enormous cost, as well as with little effect,—such institutions must, if allowed to pursue their own way, preach the faith, and that the more effectually the more they abstain from polemics. The educated, truly reasons the instinct-following Protestant, may cultivate that sublime faculty which sees what is not, and sees not what is plain. They can buy books; and, therefore, with any imaginable amount of heroic virtue spending its energies daily before their eyes, they can go on raking all the cesspools of Europe for the scandals of 1700 years. They can read Maria Monk, and the revelations of Achilli, Gavazzi, and every other mountebank that turns a penny out of their credulity. The people at large are not clever enough for these feats. When they do not go by faith, they go by the senses.

When bright and beautiful ministrations shine them full in the face, it does not occur to them to descend into the *cloaca maxima* of Protestant tradition, and follow its windings, in the hopes of coming up at last to some scandal which took place in Tuscany three hundred years ago. The seductive image of virtuous Popery must not be allowed to stand before their eyes. Plato said that truth was so fair, that if she revealed to men her countenance unveiled, all the world would become enamoured of her. Such an aspect is that which the Catholic Church presents when seen in her completeness, when none of her institutions have been shorn, and when the wounds inflicted on her sacred face by the branding-irons of persecution have been allowed to heal.

The books whose titles we have transcribed above supply proofs of what we have just said. Bacon assures us that truth looks best by candlelight, as a gem does; and that "some mixture of a falsehood" ever adds to the satisfaction with which she is regarded. He might have gone further, and said that falsehood too has its attractions. Were it not so, the war against convents would not be carried on by men whose sincerity we do not mean to question, even in affirming, that once delivered over to the bondage of error, they are, so to speak, obliged to stand by their cause, and to oppose themselves with an instinctive, and, let us hope, an unconscious aversion to every thing that might dispel their prejudice. Gentlemen of the Exeter-Hall school will learn from such books as these that if they have been deficient in any thing hitherto, as enemies of Holy Church, it is in zeal, not in charity. Here are writers, not belonging to the humbler class of whom we have spoken, but to the educated class—nay, doubtless educated in all the lights of Protestantism—yet evidently capable of learning much, and unlearning much, from convents. To what end attack the cathedrals of the new hierarchy, if a supernatural order should be yet more plainly preached by convents reared at a tenth part of their cost? What boots it to attack Maynooth itself, "that great Mamelon Tower of Popery," as some clergyman in Liverpool lately called it, if Sisters of Mercy are allowed to go about, with steps of purity which of themselves preach peace, amid the alleys of corrupt and tormented cities? Maynooth! Is it worth while to incur all the odium, not of injustice only, but of perfidy, in order to throw the Catholics of Ireland on Christendom for their ecclesiastical seminary, and at the same time teach them rather to "help themselves" than put their trust in princes? Is it worth while thus openly to discard the old maxim of "a clear stage and no favour," and avow that Protestantism is unable, with all

the vantage-ground of law and prestige, with all the property which it has taken from the ancient Church, and all the colleges once consecrated by Catholic piety, to make head against its ancient foe, unless that foe be stripped again, as of old, by the strong hand of power, and deprived of the solitary college provided for it, not at the expense of Englishmen and Protestants alone, as has been absurdly stated, but out of imperial funds? Why, if Maynooth were levelled to the ground, and if the effect of this measure were to cut off the supply of priests (and the opposite effect would be at least as probable), the nuns would still pursue their daily round of duty, train up innocence to piety, and lead "the hearts of the fathers to the children." In France they have well-nigh converted a nation from infidelity; why should they not convert one from Protestantism? What advantage in escaping a male foe, to be vanquished by women and children? Yes:—Mr. Chambers is a greater man than Mr. Spooner. But, as we have said, he has not yet mastered the position, or comprehended the fulness of his mission. Had he succeeded in banishing the nuns from England and Ireland, he would but have made a beginning of the needful work. The image of heroic virtue would still shine before the dazzled eyes of canonised respectability. From a neighbouring shore sanctity would continue to invite or rebuke a great people which has made a concordat with religion, and accepts her services on condition that she should forego her higher claims. Mr. Chambers has a larger task before him than he knows. He has to put down the convents in France as well as in England. Why not? Is not France nearer than Jerusalem, where, as a member of the House of Commons, he exercises by delegation an episcopal sway, and wages war both on the Catholic Church and on the Oriental community? And he must do it soon, for the work is daily going on. People go to Paris; and they see more than the cafés, the theatres, and the Exhibition. They get a glimpse behind the scenes, and discover what is that power—the true salt of the earth—which keeps a whole world of vanity from putrescence, and makes it less a sham than a world of respectabilities. They get a "glance behind the grilles," and their Protestantism is not the better for the sight as long as it lives.

The particular "glance behind the grilles" now before us professes to be the record of a tour made in France, during the autumn of last year, by an English clergyman obliged to travel for his health, and disposed to employ his enforced leisure in acquiring information respecting the Catholic Church as it works on the Continent. The book is written in an ex-

cellent spirit of candour, and, indeed, of generous sympathy with all that is good; and is no less characterised by a fearlessness of expression which in these days of evasion is a high merit. The author evidently writes what he thinks, in a plain undoctored style; and takes no pains to turn away suspicions of "romanising" by appending a sneer against Popery to every remark expressing sympathy with the Catholicism of the Continent. There are people who bind themselves over to High-Church teaching on the understanding that, however far it may lead them in opposition to dissent, it is likewise to supply them with weapons against Rome of a more trenchant character than any to be met with in the vulgar armory of popular Protestantism. The author of this book seems to have left himself free to think as he pleases; and the consequence is, that, in most cases, he has been able to see things as they are, not as they present themselves to the spectacles of a school. It is thus an excellent antidote to Mr. Meyrick's libels against Spain. At the same time, with all his admiration for the institutions of the Church, and all his respect for her unity, he seems in some respects more Protestant than those who will accuse his book of Popery. The following expressions will not fail to give offence to many Anglicans (notwithstanding the hopes they express), while to us they seem not a little remarkable:

"The Church in our own history, though perhaps never reduced openly to so low a standard as at one period in France, has nevertheless at times retrograded sufficiently to excite our deepest sympathies, and to enlist our most strenuous efforts in behalf of her rehabilitation; and there can be no reason (beyond our own apathy) why—provided our succession be as indisputable, the supremacy of our visible head as valid, and therefore our sacramental system as efficacious—we should fail in surrounding the Church in England with all that constitutes the vitality, the vigour, and the glory of the Church in France."

The expression "visible head," applied, as it here must be, to the sovereign, is a phrase with far too little of what is evasive about it to prove generally satisfactory. It is a phrase very much to the point; but the circumstance that the author sees no inconsistency between this species of headship and the "unity" which he so much desires is certainly an indication that he is very far from having mastered a principle in Catholicity as simple as it is profound, and often, we fear, the less acceptable because it is so simple.

The same misapprehension is expressed in page 177, in which the writer seems to have understood a Catholic friend as admitting—(he cannot possibly have understood him aright)

—that “if once we could obtain convocation, and be ruled by its authority, we should be as Catholic in principle as themselves; only that our governing principle would be within our country, while theirs was in another. . . . ‘An advantage we should have over you at least there,’ said I.” How it can be an advantage for a Church so to have its governing power within itself as not to be an organic part of the one great Christian body; how the possession of convocation could enable an isolated Church to witness with a Divine certainty to the truth, and that while witnessing in opposition to the rest of what it accounts the Church; how the Holy Spirit is capable of being thus divided, or how human authority, not professing to be the organ of that Spirit, can become the basis of religious *faith*, we shall not now inquire. Neither shall we ask whether any particular part of the Christian Church is to consider itself as suffering under the evils of a foreign allegiance (a bondage obviously fatal to its authority), when, in concert with all Christendom, it obeys a great bishop, the head of the ecclesiastical order; or when, separated from the rest of Christendom, it is subject to the state. These are questions worthy of the consideration of the author of this book. In the meantime, his present opinions on this all-important matter give the more weight to his testimony, when it might otherwise be regarded as swayed by his “romanising views.”

Our author, on landing in France, proceeds to St. Omer, where he visits the churches, the ruins, and the Collège de St. Bertin. This institution is shown to him by its superior, M. l'Abbé Toursel; and he is much struck by its order, discipline, and by the circumstance that its professors are “altogether disinterested, receiving no salary whatever.” He remarks:

“How will this preparatory discipline seem adapted to produce the life of self-sacrifice required from the priesthood of the Roman Church! The uniformity of doctrine, the essential feature of those admirably-organised *séminaires*, does it not secure unity of thought and harmony of purpose among those whom their teaching is designed to influence? Is not this the grand secret of the Catholicity of the laity, and of the absence of those heretical divisions so fatal to the strength and progress of religion in England?”

This is well; but he has not thought the matter out to the bottom. Could this “uniformity of doctrine” exist merely because the Church of France had the succession and a convocation? Could it exist as a conventional arrangement, the result of good discipline, and for the avoidance of heretical divisions? Surely *truth* has something

to say to the matter, as well as order; and "uniformity of doctrine" could not possibly exist in any national Church which, having the governing power within itself, not in the heart of a united Christendom, could have no guarantee that it was led by the Spirit "into all truth." Again, as truth is of the essence of religion, and as God Himself is truth, surely "heretical divisions" must affect religion in a manner more deadly than that of proving fatal merely to "its strength and progress."

From the college he proceeds to the Hospice St. Louis, and thence to the Couvent des Ursulines, the Convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, that of the Good Shepherd, that of the Benedictines du St. Sacrement, that of the Sœurs Clarisses—a school conducted by the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes. Besides these institutes, he makes mention also of the Petites Sœurs des Pauvres, of the Religieuses Franciscaines, and an Œuvre de la Sainte Famille. It must be owned that the French Church was pretty well represented in the first town to which the Anglican traveller directed his inquiries. He next visits Douai, and goes over its institutions in a spirit equally candid and intelligent:

"Somehow we read, without much surprise, the ascetic and self-denying lives of those who existed in times long antecedent to our own. . . . But when we find the very orders founded by them with extremest austerity brought down in the unchanged traditions of their austerity to our own day . . . then indeed we may begin to inquire what there is in a religion which can perpetuate the virtues of mediæval times, and enable them still to flourish in this profligate age."

The larger and more interesting portion of the book is that devoted to Paris. The author was an indefatigable as well as a most intelligent sight-seer; and his work is one which might serve as a guide-book with respect to religious matters, for the use of Catholic as well as of Protestant travellers. He did not merely visit all the chief churches for the sake of the religious rites performed in them, or to gratify a taste for the fine arts, but made himself acquainted with a very large number of those educational and charitable institutions in which Paris has no rival except Rome. He is a devoted admirer of pointed architecture; but that circumstance does not make him blind to all merit not associated with it. He gains admission to the Convent of the Visitation, Rue d'Enfer, and converses with its inmates on the subject of the convent at Westbury of the same order. He visits the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, in the same street, and makes himself acquainted with the various Conférences of "La So-

ciété de St. Vincent." His next visit is to the Couvent des Franciscaines St. Elizabeth, a convent devoted chiefly to education, but which has occasionally cares of a more exciting kind, as may be inferred from the following extract, describing a period very recent, though already nearly forgotten :

"The insurrection raged fiercely in the Rue St. Louis ; and for three days the convent was barricaded against all ingress or egress. The sisters posted up placards to the effect that they were ready to give shelter and assistance to the wounded and dying ; but they were not called upon to exercise these offices. . . . It was on this occasion that the Sœur Rosalie, now almost an object of worship, even in the vilest rookeries of the Faubourg St. Martin, where she still carries on her work of love, so eminently distinguished herself. One poor wretch had taken sanctuary behind her, knowing that she was respected even by the most violent ; and another fell wounded at her feet. The ruffians, in their eager thirst for blood and vengeance, for a moment forgot her presence. One tone of her voice, one word, was enough to recall them to their senses. ' Mes frères,' she said, ' je me mets entre vous et vos victimes ; sans ma vie, vous ne pourrez prendre les leurs.' . . . An unfortunate man, pursued by a furious band of insurrectionists, was separated from his own party, and was literally being hunted down the street with a ferocity which left but little doubt as to his approaching fate ; most providentially for him, as he turned a corner, there was Sœur Rosalie (or, as she is now called, ' *Ma Sœur*,' *par excellence*) administering spiritual consolation to a dying man pending the arrival of a priest. She rose from her knees, and throwing herself between the lost man and his pursuers, ' Mes frères,' said she, ' cet homme est à moi ; je vous le demande.' ' Impossible, *Ma Sœur* !' they exclaimed with one voice, brought suddenly to reason by the firmness of her words and the calmness of her attitude, ' vous savez que nous nous ferions mettre en pièces pour vous, mais aujourd'hui il n'y a pas moyen de vous obliger : vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que cet homme ;—c'est un monstre ; il nous faut sa vie ; et nous allons la prendre ;' and with that followed a rush which would have intimidated any other heart in the world. But no : Sœur Rosalie was dauntless. . . . ' Ah, *Ma Sœur* !' they exclaimed with one voice, ' avec vous c'est à la vie et à la mort ; on ne peut rien vous refuser. Emmenez-le, et grand bien vous fasse.' . . . The Emperor and Empress, having heard of these and many similar instances of her intrepidity, no less than the works by which she had gained the respect and affection of the populace, went to visit Sœur Rosalie, in order to decorate her with the *Croix de la Légion d'Honneur*, which she accepted, and has always since worn outside her dress."

He next visits a convent of the Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul, of whom " 12,000 are scattered over the world." After describing their labours in the remotest parts of the globe,

and the energy with which ladies of every rank and class in France assist them in their pious ministrations, he asks :

“ When shall we have such societies organised in England ? It seems a disgrace, that Parisian women of *ton*, here so sweepingly pronounced given up to frivolity, luxury, coquetry, and vice, should be all the while *quietly* doing the *real* thing, while London would-be devotees are, for the most part, only playing at it.”

He gives a very interesting account of the Société de S. François Xavier, in connection with which fifteen societies have already been established in different parishes in Paris :

“ It was begun in a very small way by a class of Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes. A venerable and pious priest, M. Haumel, curé of St. Marguerite, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, whose subsequent death had been deeply felt by the destitute working members of his parish, had employed M. l'Abbé Massard to continue a course of religious instruction for the adults who frequented the evening classes of the Frères. . . . Several distinguished *orateurs*, as well laymen as ecclesiastics, had been the means of making it known, and attracting many to join it. . . . Its primary intention was to bring back into a regular and laborious course of life individuals, and, in time, the whole mass of the working-classes. Each association is made up of two distinct portions. First, what is called the *bureau* : this is composed of a president, a vice-president, a *prêtre-directeur*, a secretary, and a treasurer ; this is the governing part. Men occupying a high position in society had not disdained to inscribe their names in the lists of these friends of the working-classes, and indeed many such devoted to the work their Sunday evenings. He might mention the names of MM. Gaillardin, professor of history, Cochin, Barante, De Thomassin, &c. &c. The second component part of these associations consists of working-men, who meet by common consent to testify to each other their mutual good-will, which they evince, when occasion requires, in the services they render each other in sickness, affliction, or poverty ;—also to profit jointly by the moral, religious, and secular, or even technical instruction provided for them. They pay a small monthly deposit, sometimes of ten sous, sometimes more, according to the rule of the society ; and when disabled by illness, they receive from this fund pecuniary assistance, besides medical attendance and medicine. When they die, they are buried at the expense of the association. The best understanding exists among them. They know and love, and when there is need, interest themselves for each other. They further make a point of following the remains of any departed member to the grave. The regular meetings are on Sunday evenings, once a month, and last from two to three hours. At St. Sulpice, and in other parishes, they have their own chapels ; but where this is not the case, they meet in the church, the Blessed Sacrament having been previously removed into the *sacristie*. . . . The bureau, or

governing members, then place themselves at the entrance of the sanctuary, facing the assembly, and the *prêtre-directeur* intones the vespers, composed of the psalms *Laudate Dominum*, *Laudate pueri*, the *Monstra Te*, and the *Magnificat*, to which the members respond."

There seems to be much resemblance between these institutions and the young men's societies recently established in several of our large towns, and the extension of which promises to do so much, both to advance education among us, and also to impart to the Catholic body that organisation which alone qualifies for energetic action, and provides a means through which the zeal of individuals can be concentrated on the public good instead of running to waste. From such societies, whether in Paris, or in the great cities of England and Ireland, infinite good is to be looked for. Organisation is power; and religious organisation is just that through which intellectual development is rendered a power for good. The difference between a mob and an army is not greater than that between the Catholic body as it exists in our great towns, and the Catholic body as it would exist, were sufficient means taken to give a right direction to social instincts, and thus provide a religious organisation. For us it is the more necessary, surrounded as our poor are by a net-work of temptations, scattered in courts and alleys, pinched by the severe necessities of life, and therefore requiring especial protection. Our Protestant neighbours are aware of the need of such institutions; accordingly new lecture-halls and parochial reading-rooms are daily opened among them, as well as new ragged-schools; and the college for the working-classes, on which the Rev. Mr. Maurice lectured but a year ago, is already, we believe, attended by many hundred students. It is strange that, under such circumstances, more should not yet have been done in the great towns by the Catholic body, which alone possesses the true principle of co-operative action.

Our traveller next visited the Salpêtrière, "said to be the largest charitable institution in the world, sheltering 6000 souls;" La Maison de l'Œuvre du Bon Pasteur, under les Dames de St. Thomas de Villeneuve. He then gives a brief account of not fewer than twenty-seven different species of institutes "for the charge and care of young girls, irrespective of penitential and reclamationary institutions." We have next an account of the Convent of the Assumption, Rue de Chaillot, the Hôpital de la Charité, the Commemorative Chapel built by Louis Philippe on the spot where his son the Duke of Orleans breathed his last. We must make room for the following amusing anecdote relative to the Cardinal de Cheverus,

late Archbishop of Bourdeaux, whose charities were such as often to leave him in actual destitution. He was one day visited by a lady who, as she informed him, came to intercede on behalf of a man who had recently beggared himself by acts of charity, so that he had not even a suit of clothes left; and who, though thus reduced, "would never forgive his best friend were he to become aware that he had betrayed his condition, or its cause, to any third person." The archbishop allowed, at her request, a charity sermon to be preached on behalf of this unknown person. A few days after the sermon had been preached, the lady called again at the *épiscopat*, and the archbishop inquired how far the collection had removed the difficulties of her mysterious friend. "*C'est vous-même qui allez me le dire*," said the lady, throwing open all the drawers and presses, which, with the connivance of his *ménagère*, she had caused to be filled with clothes, linen, and other supplies. "*Pardonnez-vous la ruse, d'ailleurs bien excusable, qu'il nous a fallu employer*." But our limits do not permit us to notice a tenth part of the institutions of which an instructive and impartial account is given in this interesting book. We know of few which contain so much within the same compass. The general impression of what he saw is conveyed in expressions such as the following, which recur frequently: "The hand of unbought love, the voice of willing charity, freely given by those who see in His suffering members their Lord Himself, alone can soothe, alone can comfort, those whom He has afflicted. The Catholic Christian feels this; and amply has Catholic France provided consolation for Christ's forlorn and weeping ones. Protestant England, with her boasted Christianity, has, it is true, an 'Established Church,' and an established system of poor-laws, which France possesses not: but the poor-law *cannot* do the Church's work; and the consequence is, that these most urgent claimants on our sympathies have no resource but the tender mercies of the parish, no refuge but the stern and heartless union, no spiritual consolation from either, no prospect of rest but in the grave."

He alludes, indeed, to the attempts at better things which have recently been made in England: but with all his interest in them, he seems to suspect that they are not up to the mark; that they are, though a memorial of noble aspirations, yet but imitative things; and that they have not the secret either of large success or of permanence. Such, indeed, is our opinion likewise; but assuredly they are not to be undervalued on that account. Those who have set their faces in the right direction can hardly fail, whether or not far advanced upon

the road, to reach the goal, if only they have the courage of faith, use the grace accorded, and learn from experience,—the special mode in which Providence teaches them. The Anglo-Catholic convents have taught many already, and doubtless will teach many more, that the aspirations which lift up the human heart in sympathy with a virtue and a self-sacrifice above the ken of a public opinion which laughs at “erotic devotions,” are no dream, and were not accorded to man merely in order to furnish materials for poetry.

They teach also another lesson, viz. the deficiencies in Anglican theology, which cause such institutions to grow but as exotics on a soil to which they are not native. One of the nuns, speaking to the author of this valuable book, refers in glowing terms to the support which she and her sisters derive from the perpetual Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Withdraw that grace, and the very heart of monasticism is withdrawn. Once more; it is only in the Catholic Church that the true idea of Christian obedience exists. Out of its pale obedience is recognised as a necessity; and as such, as well as from the need of repose, it is acquiesced in by many who yet are not in true harmony with it. In the Catholic fold, where the true principle of mutual co-operation and mutual subordination is understood, obedience to rightly-constituted human authority is obedience to God; the virtue is thus raised to a sort of sacramental dignity, and may well become the basis of a supernatural life. In the absence of this principle, it is hard to understand how the superior of a conventual establishment can fail to seek, through a stronger will and a stronger intelligence, that ascendancy which is necessary for the institution; but which is not accorded freely except where it is accorded from a perfect motive, and directed towards one whose position of authority is determined by the Church, not by any modification of private judgment. This is the reason that among Catholic nuns no more difficulty is presented by the vow of perpetual obedience than English Protestant ladies experience when consecrating the marriage-bond by a vow not less irrevocable. What has, under such fatal obstacles, been done, or attempted in the “United Church of England and Ireland,” cannot but be an object of deep sympathy to every Catholic heart; as, indeed, like much beside in bodies external to the fold, it is a grave lesson to us; and though aspirations not in harmony with facts must ever give rise to much of unreality, it is impossible not to sympathise with every fresh effort which has a double tendency,—to bring Protestantism more near the Church, and by that proximity to demonstrate the difference between the reality and the best-

intended imitation. We have all read the fable of the ship which sailed too near the lodestone rock, and which (the nails being all drawn to the rock) fell to pieces. Truth is a rock which exercises a very strong attractive as well as repelling force, according to the temper of men. Those who are in harmony with it are the more likely to reach it the nearer they approach to it, unless they have made a previous bargain with themselves that their skill is to be shown in grazing but not touching it.

We have left ourselves little space to notice the second book on our list. It is a short but excellent work, giving, in letters from the Continent, an account of the "Sisters of Charity." It seems to us strongly to corroborate the views we have expressed, though unintentionally, and though written by one who apparently is neither attached to the "High-Church school" nor especially enamoured of the "Roman system." The writer seems to be a lady, and is of opinion that the greatest leaders in the charitable works of the Church have been persons at one time encircled with all the domestic ties. She thinks also that the "Sisters of Charity" themselves owe their origin to the Protestants of France, and that the author of the good work was a certain Robert le Ware, or Robert Mare, who lived long before St. Vincent de Paul. In the hands of the Protestants, however, she admits that the work was not able to maintain itself:

"It probably underwent the fate which institutions among ourselves frequently do, and ceased to exist. Mere zeal will not keep such things alive, for zeal itself will die."

There is much significance, we think, in the following:

"You say that many of various parties wish for this institution; that some few are trying to form it. I am glad of it: but if I might tell you a thought of my own in confidence, it is that every one of these few wants to do it in his or her own way; and I think this a pity."

Her opinion is, that each Church ought to provide such institutions for herself; but she is clear-sighted enough to anticipate the consequences of a failure in the attempt:

"'Ah!' you will say, 'these were the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, and we do not want them here. Of course you do not. Good as they are in their own way, I am of opinion that it is best for each country and each Church to have its own. But I sometimes think you may have them, whether you wish for them or not; and may find them doing your work, if you do not do it yourselves.'"

Here is the moral of the whole:

"What energetic admirable young women I have known in Eng-
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land, who would have been—who, in their degree, have tried to be—all that the Sister is here Might not John Wesley have become a Saint in the Church of Rome? and surely the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, whose *free* chapels were scattered through the British kingdom, would, in a like case, have been the associate of Vincent de Paul in his reforms of the clergy, and his college of missionary priests! See what zeal, what energy, what talent, what enthusiasm, has burst forth from within the Church of England in the course of this nineteenth century! We call over the names of the first actors in that great evangelical movement; and setting aside the wildness, the errors with which it was accompanied, we think of the giants of these not very long passed away days And who has inherited this zeal? I know not. Where are these attempts at apostolic practice? I know not. What remains of their work? I scarcely see them Of this I am almost convinced, that if the greater part of these zealous persons had been born in the Church of Rome, they would have had in that Church, at this hour, their living representatives!"

Again, in p. 65:

"We know that many a revolution has swept over France, and shivered its religion and its charitable institutions to atoms. Yet with the re-constitution of the one appears the re-constitution of most of the others."

Well may she end with the words, "'Be united,' he said, 'and God will bless you; but be united in the charity of Jesus Christ.'" It was thus that St. Vincent spoke; but he would have said also, that the truth of Jesus Christ is inseparable from His charity; and that we cannot be united in the one without being united in the other.

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Fifth Article.)

THE Regent of Scotland began now to perceive that no terms could be made with the Lords of the Congregation less than the abdication of her authority and the surrender of her

daughter's crown. It was now, therefore, time to provide for her own safety, and for the defence of the throne. Accordingly she sent into France for reinforcements of troops, representing that the insurgents were already in treaty with England, Germany, and Denmark; and commenced the fortification of Leith.

The "Congregation of the Lord" had thus at length driven the Regent, for her own personal security, to a step which supplied them with the pretext, such as it was, which they had been impatiently waiting for; but hitherto in vain. The fortification of Leith was professed the *casus belli*. A convention was held at Stirling on the 10th September, whence the conspirators proceeded to Hamilton "for consultation to be taiken with my lord duike's grace."

The fruit of this "consultation" was the following address to the Regent, dated 19th September 1559, and signed by the Duke of Chastelherault, the Earls of Arran, Argyle, Glencairn, and Monteith, and the Lords Ruthven, Ochiltree, and Boyd:

"At Hamiltoun, the 19th day of September 1559.

"Pleis your Grace,—We are crediblie informed that your armie of Frenche men sould instantlie begin to plant in Leyth, to fortifie the sam, of mynd to expell the ancient inhabitantis thairof, our brethrein of the Congregation; quhairof we mervell not a litle that your grace sould sa manifestlie brek the apointment maid at Lyeth, bot ony provocation maid be us and our brethrein. And seing the sam is done without ony maner of consent of the nobilitie and counsaill of this realme, we esteim the sam not onelie oppressioun of our puir brethrein, indwellers of the said toun, bot also verie prejudicial to the comounwelthe, and plain contrarie to our ancient lawis and liberties: heirfoir desyris your grace to caus the samyn work interprysit to be stayit, and not to attemp so raschellie and manifestlie againis your grace's pomeis, againis the comounwelthe, the ancient lawis and liberties thairof (quhilk thingis, besyid the glorie of God, ar most deir and tender unto us, and onlie our pretence); utherways, assuiring your grace we will complain to the haill nobilitie and comonaltie of this realme, and maist earnestlie seik for redres thairof. And thus recomending our humbill service unto your hieness, your answer maist earnestlie we desyre, quhom we comit to the eternell protection of God.

"At Hamiltoun, day and yeir foirsaid, be your grace's humbill and obedient servitors," &c. (*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 169.)

At the same time a letter was agreed upon, and despatched to Lord Erskine, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, with the view of corrupting the loyalty of that nobleman. The Regent made no reply to this summons of her rebellious subjects to desist from fortifying Leith as a place of refuge from their

cabals; but she privately laboured with great diligence to detach from their cause the Duke of Chastelherault and her unnatural relative the Prior of St. Andrew's. The galling insolence of this latter personage's reply to his sovereign's mother, the widow of his father and regent of the kingdom, convinced her of his true character. But she again issued a proclamation to her subjects, in which, with great dignity and mildness, she exposed to them the position she was unwillingly thrust into by her and their enemies, and claimed their support. The effects of this proclamation were even more favourable to the Regent than those of the last. "These letters being divulgate," writes Knox, "the hairts of mony were stirred; for they juged the narratioun of the queen regent to have been trew." And again: "And in very deed sche fand ma favourars of hir iniquity than we suspected." And again: "For (and our brethren in Lawthiane especially) began to murmur, that we socht ane ather things than religion, and so ceassit to assist us certaine days, eftir that we were cumit to Edinburgh, quhilk we did, according to the former dyet, the 16th day of October." (Lib. ii. p. 180.)

The system of intimidation, which the Congregation had hitherto found so successful, failed it on this occasion. All along they had ascribed much of the Regent's moderation to fear. And they evidently expected that she would lack the courage to reject so formidable an intimation: at least they had ventured on so violent a step without corresponding resources; so that when their address was treated with contemptuous indifference, they were able to support it by no more efficient measure than the occupation of Broughty Crag, at the mouth of the Tay. In the interval of preparation for more vigorous operations, their cause received the support of two adhesions—Thomas Randolph, and Maitland, the young laird of Lethington. Geneva, which at this time was the common resort of all the turbulent spirits of the age, had the honour of contributing the first-named adherent to the cause of the "blessed evangel." He had whilst there made himself so useful to the Earl of Arran in his intrigues, that as soon as he was safe at Hamilton he requested that he might be sent to him. The English secretary, who had probably from the first been working upon the vain and foolish youth through the agency of Randolph, was but too ready to further his views in this respect. In the end of September Randolph contrived to arrive in the utmost secrecy at Hamilton, and he brought with him a further supply of money from Elizabeth for the poverty-stricken exchequer of the "saints." But the most formidable blow to the unhappy Regent was the defection of

her secretary, Maitland. This man's baseness exceeded even the common measure of the faction to which he now united himself. The rest of his new confederates made no secret of their enmity to her, although they were utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which they indulged it. But this abandoned being had the unspeakable meanness to continue his professions of attachment to his mistress, and to retain his confidential position as her private secretary, at the same time that he was secretly betraying her most private counsels to her enemies.

At length, on the 15th October, "the Congregation of the Lord," who by bribes and promises had contrived to get together a not very formidable force, marched in fighting order to Edinburgh. The Regent was now driven to the step she had foreseen would be necessary for her; and, to quote her own touching metaphor—"as some small bird being pursued will provide some nest"—retired at their approach within her fortifications of Leith. The first act of the rebels, after their arrival in Edinburgh, was to assemble a council, where another address to the Regent, precisely the same in purport as the last, but a great deal more peremptory and threatening in its tone, was agreed upon and immediately despatched.

Dismissing their messenger without any reply, she shortly afterwards sent to them Lion King-at-Arms with the following letter and message:

"Efter comendatioun, we have receaved your letter, of Edinburgh, the 19th of this inst., quhilk appears to us rather to have cumit fra ane prince to his subjectes than fra subjectes to thame that beiris authoritie; for answer quhareof, we have presentlie directit unto yow this bearer, Lyoun Herauld King of Armes, sufficientlie instructed with our mynd, to quhom ye sall give credite.

"Sic subscribitur,

"At Leith, the 21st October 1559.

MARIE R."

—(*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 182.)

His "credit" was as follows:

"That the Queen wondered how any durst presume to command her in that realm, which needeth not to be conquest by any force, considering that it was already conquest by marriage; that Frenchmen could not justly be called strangers, seeing that they were naturalised; and, therefore, that she would neither make that town patent, neither yet send any man away, but as she thought expedient."

She accused the duke of violating his promise. She made protestation of her love towards the commonwealth of Scot-

land; and in the end commanded that, under the pain of treason, all assistaries to the duke and unto them should depart from the town of Edinburgh. (*Keith*, book i. chap. ix. p. 103.)

The Queen's herald, having delivered her message to the insurgent lords, was commanded to remain in Edinburgh until the following day, whilst they prepared their reply to her grace. Then was enacted in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh a hypocritical farce, whose details we need not detain our readers by narrating. The step to which all the proceedings of the rebel lords had tended from the first was finally resolved on, viz. the deposition of the Regent, and the usurpation of her authority. And that so extravagant a proceeding might not be utterly destitute of any flavour of religion, the two men who called themselves preachers—Willox and Knox—were gravely consulted as to the justifiableness of the proceeding. The document in which they conveyed to the Regent the intimation that they renounced their allegiance was signed,

“The Council having the authority unto the next Parliament, erected by common election of the Earls, Lords, and Barons, convened at Edinburgh, of the Protestant faction.” (*Keith*, book i. chap. ix. p. 105.)

[Then follow the names.]

The whole number did not sign, in order to conceal the paucity of their numbers. Only three signatures were attached in the name of the rest. But altogether, barons, lairds, and gentlemen, amounted to only twenty-nine, out of all the nobility and gentry of Scotland. Their next step was to summons the town of Leith in the name of the King and Queen of Scots. No attention being paid to their summons, immediate preparations were made for the assault. And it was time for something to be achieved; for mutiny had already begun in their ranks:

“The men of weir,” writes Knox, “(for the maist parte war men without God or honestie), maid a mutiney, becaus they lacked a part of thair wages. They had done the same in Linlythgow befoir, quhare they maid a proclamatioun, that they wald serve ony man to suppress the Congregatioun, and set up the mess agane.” (Lib. ii. p. 188.)

“To pacify the men of weir,” he continues, “a collectioun was devysit; bot becaus sum war pure, and sum war nigardes and avaritious, thare culd no sufficient soum be obtained.”

Then there was a proposition to coin the silver of the noblemen; but, probably at their own instigation, the men who were to coin suddenly disappeared with the instruments.

The unpopularity of the "new evangel" became now more and more apparent every day; and its professors began to have more anxious recourse to succours of the arm of flesh than coincided with their professions. The Laird of Ormistoun was despatched to Berwick to importune Sir James Croft and Sir Ralph Sadler for further aid. It was quite clear that without some such assistance their cause was hopeless; and the messenger returned carrying with him a timely supply of four thousand pounds. But a stronger arm of flesh, in the person of the grim Earl of Bothwell, attacked him on his road back, and took from him the money with which he had been intrusted. This disaster was fatal to the insurgents; and it became manifest, that unless they could engage the direct intervention of England, it would be impossible for them to prolong the contest. In spite of the three personages of most exalted rank in the kingdom being their leaders, the bulk of the nation held aloof from them. The citizens of Edinburgh were only restrained by the presence of their troops from exhibiting an open hostility to them. Their own troops had no sympathies for the cause in whose behalf they were enlisted, whilst numbers of their supporters were beginning to weary of the career of crime and violence which they had been half-unwittingly led on from step to step to undertake.

An unsuccessful assault of Leith, by Halyburton, provost of Dundee, still further increased the dismay of the insurgents:

"From that day back," Knox tells us, "the curage of mony was dejected. With grit difficulty culd men be retaned within the toun; yea, sum of the grittest estimatioun determined with thameselfis to leive the interpryis. Mony fled away secretly; and those that did abyde (a very few excepted) appeired destitute of counsell and manheid Thus we continewed from Wednisday the last of October till Monday the 5th of November, never two or three abiding firm in one opinion the space of twenty-four hours."

The Earl of Mortoun withdrew from them. The same did the young lairds of Ferniherst and Cessfarde; and Lord Erskine refused to afford them the slightest support of the castle if they were pursued. Such was the plight of the "Congregation of the Lord," when on the 5th of November the Regent's forces issued forth from Leith to intercept a convoy of provisions destined for Edinburgh. The Lords James and Arran marched out against them, and a kind of general action ensued, in which the insurgents were again beaten.

After this defeat Knox writes: "Men did so steill away, that the wit of men culd not stay them, yea, sum of the grittest determined plainlie that thay wald not abyid." (Lib. ii. p. 192.)

At length they decided to desert the town at midnight, and

retire to Stirling. Knox's account of this midnight flight is too graphic and pungent to be omitted. And were any evidence wanting of the utter unpopularity of the cause of the new evangel, this, at least, will supply it: "The despytfull toungis of the wickit," he writes, "raylled upon us, calling us traytors and heretyikis; everie ane provoked other to cast stones at us: one cryit, 'Allace, that I might sie!' an uther, 'Fy, geve advertisement to the Frenchmen that they may cum, and we sall help to cut the throats of thir heretyikis.' And this, as the sword of dolour passit throu our hairts, so war the cogitatiounis and former determinatiounnis of mony hairtis then reveillit." (Observe this blasphemous application of Holy Scripture!) "For we wald nevir have belevit that our naturall countrymen and wemen culd have wischit our destruction so unmercifullie, and have so rejoyced in our adversitie." Such was the terror of the fugitives, that "they stayed not," Knox tells us, "till they were come to Stirling, which they did the day after they were departed from Edinburgh; for it was concluded that there consultation should be taken what was the next remedy in so *desperate* a matter." (Lib. ii. p. 193.)

But far more conclusive is the following letter, written by Knox, from Edinburgh, to Sir James Crofts, the governor of Berwick, on the 25th of October 1559, just a week and five days before his departure:

"John Knox, in his own hand, under the name of John Sinclair, of 25th October 1559, to Sir James Croft, captain of Berwick."

"Such is our estate, rycht worschipfull, that unless present support be provyded for us, you and wee will both lament. We first, I confess; but what shall ensue experience may teach you. It was once determined that Leith should have been assaulted; and there the matter stands in debate: for some fear the interpryse, if wee be once repulsed; others pursuand to put all in the hands of God. True it is, the number of our souldiers is few to so great an interpryse; and it were no small discomfort to hasard our nobility, barons, and gentlemen upon their walles, and wyle souldiers. Proclamation is made by the drum for listing of mo men of war; but partly for lack of money, and partly because men have no will to hasard, wee can mack no number; and, therefore, as yee tender the weell and furtherance of this cause, provyde that both men and money come unto us with all possible expedition. It may appear that my demand is unreasonable; but when all reasons which may be layd in contrar of my petition shall be rightlie examined, our present estate and inconvenients, which may ensue our overthrow, shall swello and devour them all. If yee fear to offend France, in hart it is already at defyance with you, and abidest only the oppor-

tunitie and advantage. If yee list to craft with thame, the sending of a thousand or mo men to us can breake no league nor point of peace contracted betwixt you and France; for it is free for your subjects to serve in warr anie prince or nation for their wages. And if yee fear that such excuses will not prevaile, yee may declare thame rebelles to your realme when yee shall be assured that thei be in our companye.* Yee pay their wages where thei ly presentlie, and there thei be ydill; but heir thei would more profite us, if we might have them within six dayes, than 5000 will do within forty dayes hereafter. My reason is, that our number shall daily diminish; that in process wee shall be compelled to dissever and skail; and then never look I (unles now wee obtain our purposse) to see so many noblemen of this realme assemble together for that purpos. I speake my jugement free; juge yee as God shall move your hart. I wraite before for some support to such as, without the same, are not able to serve, but receaved of you no answer. I can do no more but declare my opinion, which I pray God be not found true in the end. The Laird of Ormistoun assistest us not in this our danger; the cause I leave to your jugement. I fear that mo shall shortlie follow, unles remeady be procured. I cease farther to trouble you, who do this write not without trouble.

“From Edinburgh, the 25th October 1559.

“Yours to His power,

“JOHN SINCLAIR.”

“P.S. It is heir brutted (whither it proceed out of craft, or if any such thing be indeed, I know not) that France labourest with the highest to uterlie refuse us; and in verry deid the Queen Dowager hath plainlie spoken, that shee knowest the means heir to frustrate our expectation of your support, by promise, said shee, to deliver Calice. Heir our simplicitie shall appear before God and man. This I advertyse; for such rumours discourage many. Answer thame. I opened the letter myself for scribbling these few lynes. I am charged to tack the paines by the lords to visit you, and farther above. Lett me have your jugement in that case.”

The English captain was not, however, prepared to follow Knox to such an extremity of baseness. He thus answers the *honest Reformer*:

“*Copie of Sir James Croft's lettere to Knox, answering to the above.*

“I have receyved your letteres of the 25th; for answer wherunto: Albeit, for myn own parte, I could be well contente to satisfie your hole request with as good will as you seme to desire it, yet can I not bot somewhat marvaile that you, being a wise man, woll require of us such present ayde of men, money, and munycion, as you knowe we cannot minister unto you with open shew and manyfestacyon of

* Observe here Knox's political casuistry. If this be not more than to be wise as serpents, and less than to be harmless as doves!

ourselves to be as open enemyes, where by leage and treatie we are bounde to be friends; prayeing you to consider how we may, without touch of honour and hurte of our commonwelth, being now in good peax and amytie, enter sodenly into open warre and hostilitie, being no cause of breche, no manyfest injurie offered unto us; and how I, being but a servant and minister here, may presume to do that your desire, tending to a playne breche of amytie bytween so gret princes quhome it toucheth, I referre to your discreession. For as to your devises how to colour our doinges in that parte, you must thinke that the worlde is not so blynde but that it woll sone espie the same; and surely we cannot, *bonâ fronte*, so colour and excuse the matier, but that it wol be expounded to a playne brech of our lege and treatie, whereby the honour of the prince cannot be a litle touched.* Wherefore, I pray you, require of us what we may do with honour and safetie, and yu shall not fynde us unwilling therto. And touching the supporte of such as you have often written for, I coulde finde the meanes that they might have som relief at their friends' hands hear, if I knew how the same might be conveyed unto them in such secret and closs maner as none others have notice of the same; but, to be playne with you, ye are so open in all your matiers there, as you make men half affrayd to deale with you, which is more than wisdom and good policie doth require. Fynally, where you write that France laboureth to mak us utterly refuse you, and that the Quene Dowager ther heth playnely spoken that she knoweth the meanes how to frustrate your expectation of our supporte, by delyverance of Calice, I dare boldly say that there is no such matier in question; for you may be sure that Calice cannot make us to neglect or refuse the establishment of this ilond in perpetuell unyte and concorde, wishing to lyve no longer then I may see the same, and so to leave the joye therof to our posterite. For the rest, I referre you to such letteres as we have now wrytten by this berer.

"From Barwyck, the 27th of October 1559," &c.

And a yet more plain acknowledgment that nothing but the intervention of Elizabeth could save the cause of the Congregation from destruction, is supplied in the following reply of Knox to Sir James Crofts:

"Knox to Mr. Croft, 29th October 1559.

"Your reassonable answer to my onreassonable requeast, rycht warshipfull, receaved I this 28th of October, and have imparted the contents of the sam to such as partlie induced me befor to write. I was not altogether ignorant, neather what mycht ensew your manifestation in supporting us, nether yit how far did your commission extend in such cases; but considdering (as my slender witt did serve for the tym) whether ther war the greater daunger, the nobilitie heir to be defaitt (or yit frustrat of thare interprise), or ye to abyd

* This is a severe but just reprimand on Mr. Knox's double-faced proposition.

the hasard of the future and suspected incommodities, it appeared to me that the formar mycht justly devour the other. As tuoching the leage and treatie of peax which now ye supposs to have with suche as ye term your friends, I unseamedlie wishe that it war so suyr, that you should never have occasion to break any joit contracted; but whether it may stand with wisdom to have such respect to that which som men call honour, that in the mean tym I shall see my freind perrisse both till his distruction and myn, I refer to the judgement of the most honorable.* Fraunce was under leage and treatie of peax with England, when it did manifestlie support Scotland to both our displeasour; and yit I think that thei neither wold have confessed breche of treatie, nor blemyshe of honour. But omitting to urge that mater any farther, I beseche God that we both reapent not the drift of tym when the remeady shall not be so easy. Yf you understood the daunger as I do, luf should compell you somewhat to exceed the bounds of your commission, yf you can fynd no meanes secreatlie to convey such liberalitie as freinds with you please to bestow upon such as otherwies cannot serve. I am less able att this present to compass such a thing then be you and many mo of your acquentance now present with you; but this I will yit say, as of befor, that onless speady ordour be tacken in that case, our number will schortlie be so mean, that som will reapent that thei saw Edinburgh att this voyage.† Besides those whom befor I did speak, it will please you remember that the Master of Maxwell hath susteained great damage. Ormeston is joyned with us, to the comfort of many. Touching secreasie, which ye request, I dar promess for som and for my self; but difficill it is, sir, to bridill the tonges of a multituid in maters which must pass by publick and common suffrage; but maters which concern particular persons ar not to my knowledge verrey patent. I hope that God hath delivered me from the most part of those civill effaires; for now ar men of better judgement and greater experience occupied in those maters. Young Ledingthorn, secretarie, is delivered from the fearfull thralldom of the Frenchmen, and is now with us in Edinburgh, who I trust shall releas me of the presupposed jorney. In few words, sir, yf ye joyn not with us in oppen assistaunce, we will both repent when the remeady shal be more difficill. Ye have now the man to whom ye may communicat all things; to whom also I wold wishe ye had respect. The Lord prosper all to His glory, and to the comfort of our posteritie.

“In great hast, from Edinburgh, this 29th of October 1559.

“Yours to power,

“JOHN SINCLEAR.”

—(*Keith*. Appendix, book i. p. 42.)

The first step of the rebels, after their expulsion from

* See how Mr. Knox still presseth his under-hand management.

† We are often assured by these letters, that had Queen Elizabeth abstained, the Queen Dowager had soon prevailed.

Edinburgh, was to despatch Maitland of Lethington to the court of Elizabeth, to negotiate her open intervention in their behalf. He was accompanied on this mission by Randolph and Robert Melvin. The insurgents separated into two parties: "the duke, the Earls of Argyle and Glencairn, with their friends, passed to Glasgow; the Earl of Arran and Lord James passed to St. Andrew's; for charge was given to the whole nobility, Protestants, *to keep their own bodies* (this is Knox's account), *till that God should send them further support.*" (Lib. iii. p. 300.)

Throughout these applications to England for succour, the pretext of reformation of religion is not only not prominently urged, but it is not even so much as alluded to:

"Most true it is" (these are their words), "that this practice of the French is not attempted only against this kingdom of Scotland, but also against the crown and kingdom of England and Ireland; for we know most certainly that the French have devised to spread abroad (though most falsely) that our queen is right heir to England and Ireland; and, to notify the same to the world, have, in paintings at public jousts in France and other places, this year, caused the arms of England, contrary to all right, to be borne quarterly with the arms of Scotland; meaning nothing less than any augmentation to Scotland, but to annex them both perpetually to the crown of France." (*Tytler*, vol. vi. pp. 153, 154.)

The representatives of the congregation from both were appointed to meet at Berwick in the following February, to settle the terms of an agreement. An English fleet was ordered to the Forth, and an army to the borders. Robert Melvin was despatched to Scotland, and brought this welcome intelligence to the broken and dispersed faction on the 15th of November.

The Regent meanwhile was fully cognisant of the nature of the practices of her rebellious subjects with the English court, although the excessive duplicity of Elizabeth concealed from her, for some time, the extent to which they were responded to. She despatched Monsieur de Rubay to remonstrate with the English Queen against the encouragement she gave to the rebels. She sent to France for further succours, to enable her to crush the insurrection before this formidable alliance could take effect; and she endeavoured with the forces she had to break the neck of the rebellion in the persons of Arran and the Lord James. Mons. D'Osell was sent into Fife on this service. But the prudence of the military prior, who avoided an engagement, and contented himself with hovering on the rear of, and harassing, the Queen's troops,

prevented him, notwithstanding several successes, from fully accomplishing his object.

Indeed, the unexpected appearance of an English fleet in the Firth, whilst this commander was pursuing the insurgents, disconcerted his operations, and compelled him to return to Leith. The Regent sent a message to the English admiral, requiring to know "the cause of this visit in a time of peace." He replied, "that his intentions were pacific; and that having gone to sea *in search of pirates*, he had entered *the Firth to search for them there!*" (*Tytler*, vol. vii. p. 157. *Keith* also.)

The remonstrances of the French ambassador at the English court were added to those of the Regent, to which an equally honest reply was returned. For, indeed, the English Queen had now resolved on a vigorous and open intervention in behalf of the Scottish traitors.

In February 1560 the Duke of Norfolk arrived at Berwick, charged with full powers to conclude a treaty with the "Congregation." Maitland, Balnaves, the Laird of Pittaren, and Lord Ruthven, met him on its part. By these commissioners a treaty was concluded. Immediately after the conclusion of this negotiation, the English army, commanded by Lord Grey, and numbering 6000 foot and 2000 horse, entered Scotland. At Preston they were met by the re-appearing forces of the insurgent barons, who appear, by the aid of English gold, to have got together somewhere about the same number of forces. They immediately marched upon Edinburgh; and the Regent was, on their approach, received by Lord Erskine within the castle.

The advance of the English army was the critical event in the eventful struggle of the world and unbelief against the Scottish Church. It decided the fate of Scotland, and robbed her of her Church. It raised a faction from the very verge of extermination, and threw upon its side the strength of an entire monarchy. It set aside the declared sentiments of the nation, and forcibly rescued a band of conquered rebels from the ignominious end that, but for so flagitious an interference, inevitably awaited them. But for the subsequent demise of the Regent of Scotland, indeed, so calamitous a result might, to all human seemings, have been averted. The reigning Queen of England, although resolved not to permit the entire subjugation of the Protestant faction in Scotland, because of the dangers which menaced her own throne from that quarter so soon as that work was accomplished, had nevertheless no sympathies whatever with the follies which at its outset it so prominently protruded as the sum and end of all its proceedings, and the apology for all its excesses. To secure in her

interest so large a body of the chief Scotch nobility as had turned traitors to their own sovereign and country, was quite sufficient for that security to herself which was her only aim; and accordingly the allied armies had not long occupied Edinburgh before she insisted, much against the will of the Congregation, on the discussion of the terms of accommodation which the Bishop of Valence had brought from France. But the "saints," whose new alliance had placed them in a state of absolute security, and from a condition of utter desperation had elevated them to one from which they felt they could dictate conditions, would hear of none except what would place them in such a position as should enable them fully to accomplish the ecclesiastical spoliation they had inaugurated. The negotiation abruptly terminated; and the English general bent his utmost efforts to the siege of Leith. In the little affairs that took place, however, the military successes were always on the side of Scotland. The Regent, after her wonted fashion, seized the opportunity of these successes of her forces to propose again an accommodation. She desired the Earls of Huntly and Glencairn to be sent to her; the former of whom she knew to be the only man who would honestly labour for peace. Instead of these, however, "the Congregation" sent, as its negotiators, the darkest traitors of the faction,—the Lord James and Maitland of Lethington, together with Lord Ruthven and the Master of Maxwell. The result might have been anticipated. They proposed terms which they well knew the Regent's patriotism would not allow her to accept. This was their wonted fashion, whereby they answered the double object of preventing an accommodation, and throwing the odium of doing so off their own shoulders. The unhappy Regent, whose health had now begun to yield before her complicated troubles and anxieties, requested a short delay for the purpose of consulting her council. It was refused; and the negotiation ended abruptly.

But the last sad negotiator, Death, had now already his footsteps planted on the threshold of the royal chamber. The disease which had widowed at once Scotland and herself, now threatened her. The brave heart of her husband had been broken in the prime of its manhood by the baseness of his chief nobility; his widow had now already begun to sink under the same calamity. Beleaguered in her castle of Edinburgh by the forces of a powerful neighbouring country, which had invaded her dominions in the very teeth of a recently-concluded treaty of peace, invited thither by some of her chief nobility and once most trusty councillors, worn out by their protracted treachery, by their exhaustless fabrications

and calumnies, by their ingratitude and remorseless persecution of her who had given them no cause, deeply loving a country which she found herself scarcely able to save, and a daughter whose crown seemed to be placed in peril just in proportion to the wisdom of the administration of her regency,—her nature at length gave way. She felt that her end was rapidly approaching. And as the shadows through which she was to pass to eternal realities deepened around her, and that moment drew near which is the most awful to an accountable being, not one reproach did her conscience make her for her administration of her responsible office. On the contrary, the treachery which was breaking her own heart diminished in no degree her solicitude for her country's welfare; and as she lay on the bed of death, and the insignia of earthly royalty appeared to her but as the baubles of an hour, her latest anxieties on behalf of Scotland were to secure for it the pursuance of the same policy which she had observed throughout her regency. It was, indeed, in these solemn moments that all the virtue of her character appeared most conspicuously. Wronged and injured, all sense of injuries to herself passed away from her without an effort. She sent a pressing request for an interview with the men to whose ungrateful and most cruel persecutions she was just falling a victim. With the suspicion natural to such characters, they could not be prevailed upon for a while to visit the dying lady. At length, however, when they found that Mary of Guise—she whose integrity had so severely chastised their own baseness—was really stretched upon a bed of sickness from which no human skill could raise her, they condescended to accede to her request. Leaving the tents which they had pitched against her, the ranks of a foreign army whom they had arrayed against her, the Duke of Chastellherault, the Lord James, the Earls of Argyle and Glencairn, and the Earl Marshal entered the castle in which the mother of their Queen had taken refuge from their hostility, on the 8th June, and were ushered into the sick chamber of the dying princess. Approaching her, doubtless with the uneasy manner which the consciousness of the treatment she had experienced at their hands must have occasioned, they were fairly overcome by the warmth and cordiality with which she received them. But they were, most of them at least, men whose breasts had no resting-place for a generous emotion. No sooner was their first astonishment at the Regent's gentleness surmounted, than, with a brutality almost incredible, there, as she lay dying, they began to insult her with blasphemies against the faith in which she had lived, and on which she had staked her

endless destinies, and to molest her with importunities to listen to the worse than trash of some of those miserable minions of theirs whom they called preachers. Her imperturbable gentleness, however, was again the victor over their rudeness. After earnestly beseeching them to observe faithfully the league with Scotland's natural and ancient ally, France, expressing her deep concern for the distracted condition of the country, and enjoining them to pursue a course of conciliation and mutual forbearance, her large dark eyes filling with tears, she begged the forgiveness of all whom she had in any way offended, declared her own forgiveness of any one who had offended her, and trusted that they would all meet the same forgiveness at the bar of God. Then raising her hand, languid with the extremity of her sickness, from the coverlet, she extended it for those barons of the Congregation to kiss with an expression of such exquisite sweetness and gentleness, that even their rude rough hearts gave way, tears rolled down their cheeks, and sobs were audible beneath the steel corslets of those men of war and violence. Shortly after this, on the 10th June, expired this virtuous princess; and those men who had wept at her dying bedside treated her remains with the utmost indignity.

"Within few dayes efter (yea, sum say the same day)," writes Knox, "began her belly and loathesum leges to swell, and so continued, till that God did execute his jugementes upoun hir, as efter we sall heir. God for his grit mercies saik rid us from the rest of Guysiane bluid. Amen, amen. For of the tyrannie of the Guysiane bluid in hir, that for our unthankfulnes now reignethe above us, we have had sufficient experience; bot of ony vertew that evir was espyit in King James the Fyft (quhose dochter sche is callit) to this hour we have nevir sein any sparkle to appeir." Thus writes the new "evangeliser" of Scotland himself.

The death of the Regent was the event, next in order to the advance of the English army, which decided the fate of the Scottish Church. Up to that time each of the four contending parties had become solicitous for peace. The Regent, from her disposition as well as from her patriotism, had been so from the first; the French king was too much engaged with the troubles in his own kingdom not to look forward with concern to a protracted war with the traitor nobility of Scotland, supported by the whole power of England. The Lord James, with that far-seeing sagacity for which he was remarkable, perceived that his faction would be in far better plight if, by negotiation, it could deprive the crown of French succour, than if it were to achieve its entire subjugation by

the arms of England; whilst, to Elizabeth, nothing was less desirable than protracted war with Scotland. To secure her own title to the crown she wore had been her only object in engaging in the contest, and this might be attained far more effectually by a treaty of peace than by any amount of military successes. A negotiation for this object had been opened before her illness; and in the middle of June, Secretary Cecil and Sir Nicholas Wootton, on the part of Elizabeth, met the Bishops of Valence and Amiens, La Brosse, D'Osell, and Larochefoucault, Sieur de Raudan, on the part of France, at Edinburgh. Between these parties a treaty of peace was formally concluded; but the death of the Regent happening before the treaty was concluded, produced so great an alteration in the complexion of affairs, that the French commissioners were induced to consent to far less favourable terms than they would otherwise have done. Her title to the English crown was renounced by the Queen of Scots; but Elizabeth was anxious to secure herself still further, by propitiating to herself through a great obligation the perpetual friendship of the Lords of the Congregation. With this view her minister insisted on the treaty that she had made with them at Berwick being recognised, and on their being exempted from any of the legal consequences of their crime against their Queen and country. By the words of this treaty the ecclesiastical establishment of the country was left precisely where it was before the commencement of the Protestant outrages, and restitution was to be made by the rebels of their ecclesiastical plunder. It provided, moreover, that no alteration of that position could be effected, except by an Act of the Three Estates. Yet the Lord James and his faction had now got all they wanted; their falsehood and duplicity would now have full swing. That able princess, who at once exposed and resisted their dishonest practices, was no more; their sovereign was in another kingdom; most of their faction, including the numerous poor lairds and gentlemen, had already tasted the sweets of ecclesiastical plunder; the large incomes of many of the religious houses had been seized, and placed for their benefit in the hands of factors. The refunding of all this must have been a sore trial to their hearts. All the French troops, in obedience to the terms of the treaty, left the country, which was thus left literally at the mercy of those ignoble traitors. The game was thus in their hands; and we can readily appreciate the kind of atheistical chuckle with which Maitland of Lethington replied to Knox, who in the following August had claimed for himself and the other preachers a share of the spoils: "Marry, we must now forget

ourselves, and bear the barrow to build the house of God!" The only course open to these men was clear enough. If they left the matter to be decided by the three estates of the realm, constituted and assembled according to the ancient laws and customs of the realm, their fate, by their own confession (as we have previously shown), was sealed.

Knox himself owned that the greater part of the nobility, that is, the temporal estate, were averse to their proceedings; the whole of the ecclesiastical state was so of course; whilst their sovereign could look on them as nothing but rebels and traitors of the deepest die. What the sentiments and wishes of the great body of the people were, it has been the chief aim of these papers to show. There was, therefore, but one alternative for them, viz. to pack the Parliament; but they were not able to effect this without breaking the treaty by which they had just bound themselves. This was a small obstacle to such men. By one article of the treaty, it was necessary for the Parliament that was to be summoned in August that a commission should be sent by the King and Queen of France and Scotland, and that their ratification should, as was usual, be necessary to any acts that they might pass becoming the law of the country. Instead of observing this, no notice was even sent to their sovereign of its assembling. But the most flagrant illegality of their proceedings was in the constitution of the Parliament itself.

The only class which could be said to have been generally infected with the new opinions, and in which their strength then chiefly lay, was that composed of the lairds and gentlemen, the most needy class of the community. Now these men had never, from time immemorial, been considered a part of the legislative assembly of the kingdom, called the Three Estates. Upon this occasion, however, they flocked to the Parliament-house in numbers sufficient to carry any question in behalf of which they voted. Their right was denied immediately that they presented themselves; a week was spent in debating the point. It might have been spared; for as they voted themselves, there was but one way in which it could go. The spiritual estate contemptuously withdrew, refusing to take any part in the farce of such an assembly's deliberations. The result was such as might have been anticipated. By a series of furious and exterminating provisions, the Church of Christ was swept from the land of Scotland, and a Genevan superstition installed in its place. Some of the ecclesiastics, in fear of the impending tempest, had alienated their estates by fictitious leases, to be resumed in quieter times. Every one of these were declared null and void, and were thrown

with the rest into the common receptacle of their sacrilegious spoils. All bishops, not one in particular, were declared guilty of every crime under heaven; the power and jurisdiction of the Pope in the country was abolished for ever; all former statutes passed in behalf of the hitherto national Church were repealed; and it was enacted, that every one who said Mass, or who dared to hear Mass, should for the first transgression be punished with the confiscation of goods, for the second with banishment, for the third with death.

And thus Scotland became Presbyterian.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON ON CATHOLIC
EMANCIPATION.

History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. IV. William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

ALLOWING to Sir Archibald Alison the length of days usually allotted to man, we must express our fears that he will be obliged either to close his studious life in unworthy ease, or to have recourse, like the *vates* of Exeter Hall, to prophecy. He will certainly exhaust history at his present speed of composition, and that shortly. The close of last year gave us the third volume in the second series, commencing at 1815; down to which period, as every body knows, we were conducted in some score volumes of the first.

Some winter nights, however, were agreeably enough spent in the perusal; especially in the chapter devoted to the Greek War of Independence,—that remarkable story, so often told, never better than in the pages of the Tory baronet. Frequent castigations in various Quarterlies and Monthlies had, we thought, pared down the redundancy of Sir Archibald's hitherto most pompous style. And when we left so interesting a subject for another not less so, now-a-days,—the Russian invasion of Turkey in 1829,—we still had grounds to be grateful to criticism and its chastened pupil.

Unfortunately Sir Archibald's style has undergone no permanent improvement. The pleonastic sentences, the abounding epithets, the trite, commonplace, but loud-sounding moralising,—all carry us back to the tiresome and constantly-recurring periods in the old history, where "coincidences"

were so frequent, and the "fate of Europe" was so often on the point of being "changed." We can hardly think that Sir Archibald reads over his compositions; certainly if he does so, we should wish him to be our own critic, could he be as sparing of our faults as he is tender to his own.

The volume before us contains an account of the monetary changes of 1825; in which our historian has a grand field-day, and marshals his numerous and well-known crotchets upon this subject, opening a furiously, if not a well-directed fire upon a contracted currency. It is not our purpose to follow him here; nor yet, in his sad mood, when, in the twenty-third chapter, he records the passing of the Reform Bill; which, as might have been anticipated, we are assured changed for the worse the destinies of England. We almost regret,—for we are all so anti-Russian *now*,—that we cannot say something of the ablest part of the volume, that which is devoted to the Polish Revolution of 1830. Sir Archibald lays it down that the restoration of Poland would be a conservative, not a revolutionary measure; but we must leave Russia and Poland, and give what room we have to the pages bestowed upon Catholic emancipation.

Sir Archibald's history of the struggles which issued in the passing of the Relief Bill remind us of the story of the keeper in the German tower, who died, leaving a widow for many years wedged in between the walls of the stairs. So great was her size, that it was impossible to remove her. Death, that solves many a difficulty, would not come to the rescue; so each succeeding keeper had to marry her. So it seems with prejudice. It is the old widow that "wont" die; and each succeeding keeper in the tower of history must make up his mind to wed her before he can enter on the functions of his office.

But from this union is born inconsistency. Our historian cannot fly in the face of the age, and assert openly, as we suspect he longs to do, that Catholic emancipation ought never to have been granted. He concedes,—nay, he repeats it, as is his wont, four or five times,—that it was a "wise" and "just" measure. Yet he is of opinion that it is the cause of all national evils; it is the bane of Ireland, the spring of reform, of the repeal of the corn-laws, and of all those measures which he either denounces or sorrows over. Will he explain this? And when he has done this, will he vouchsafe us a reconciliation of the two following sentences, actually one immediately succeeding the other (p. 185):

"Catholic emancipation, the first change in the Protestant con-

stitution of the empire, and the *first great triumph of the democratic over the aristocratic* powers in the empire, was brought about, so far as Great Britain is concerned, in a very peculiar way. It was a victory gained by a large portion of the *aristocratic* and the greater part of the *highly-educated classes* over the sincere conviction and honest resistance of the *vast majority of the people.*"

Sir Archibald's notions of reasoning are on a par with his ideas on democratic and aristocratic influence. One of the causes, he tells us, "which has aggravated the miseries of Ireland, and hitherto rendered abortive all attempts to ameliorate the condition of its inhabitants," is, that the majority of them being Catholics, and the minority Protestants, on these latter all the forfeited estates have been conferred, and on the former the exaction (we use the historian's own word) of being obliged to support two ecclesiastical establishments. So far we have no difficulty in agreeing. But how, in the face of this, after pointedly declaring that "Catholic emancipation was not the remedy" for Ireland's evils,—how can he upbraid the Irish with being ungrateful for this so-called *false* remedy, and for agitating for the *real* one? Is this logical invective? Is it not complete blindness to justice? It is idle to attempt to atone for two wrongs by the concession of one right. You *cannot* be grateful for the latter: you *must* still agitate against the former. But of all the charges here adduced against Catholics, this one of ingratitude is at once the most monstrous and the most amusing. Let us, however, be patient, and examine it from our accuser's own book.

We have extracts made by Sir Archibald from Sir Robert Peel's speech, acknowledging that Catholic emancipation was introduced by ministers because it was impossible to refuse it. We have also extracted the words of the Duke of Wellington, praying the Lords to pass the bill in order to avert civil war. We have the speech of Sir R. Inglis, to the effect that "the apology for this strange course is expediency." This is the Alpha and Omega of the modern school—expediency as to the future character of our religious institutions. We are told that the country was opposed to it; that 957 petitions were presented against it, while only 357 were for it; and that the bill received the royal assent by commission, to show that it was not in accordance with the wishes of the king. We are actually told by Sir Archibald Alison himself that "England at the eleventh hour did the just act; but she did it, not from the influence of equitable or tolerant feelings, but in obedience to the fierce demands of the agitators, and to avert the dreaded evils of civil war." And yet, with all these admissions, he has the effrontery to accuse Catholics of ingrati-

tude! What shall we think of the historian who in one sentence tells us that "the concession was against the wishes, and adverse to the sincere and disinterested, and therefore respectable, opinions of the great majority of the inhabitants of the empire;" and in the very same breath, that "as such, it should have been received in a *grateful* and worthy spirit by the Catholics of Ireland,—

"Amphora cepit
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?"

We thank our accuser, we need no defence; he is himself our apologist, and formally acquits us.

We can only add, that had the nation passed the Emancipation Act unanimously, we cannot see how the Catholics need have been *grateful*; for emancipation was our *right*. But when we are told that it was granted to soothe the excited tone of Ireland, to avert anticipated bloodshed, to prevent the horrors of civil war; when we are assured that the whole country thought itself betrayed by ministers; and when we are informed in angry sentences that the reformed house would never have consented to the measure,—we feel far more indignant than grateful, and are far more disgusted than gratified.

For ourselves, we do not believe that the country was of the mood here represented. We know how easy it is to get up any number of petitions upon any possible subject. We know, too, that the House of Commons may be more narrow-minded than the country in general: witness the crowd who now profess to "represent the *people*."

We next come to the results of the Emancipation Act. And these, we are sagely informed, prove that it has been fatal to Catholicity! We are not told how, save by the bold and novel statistical fact, that in Ireland the Catholics and Protestants are equal in number; followed by the consolatory prophecy, that if they are not, they assuredly will be at the next census! The first statement it is unnecessary to contradict, since the prophecy does so; and as for divination, we leave that to *historians*.

Sir Archibald is pleased to record the triumphs of Catholicity in England; and finds that "it has been embraced by several ladies of rank, who sighed for an ecclesiastical opera, and many of fashion, who desired the sway of confession, and by some inexperienced men of genius, who dreamt (*sic*) of the amiable illusion of unity of belief." We always thought that the strength of any force might be estimated by the amount of any force necessary to oppose it. But if giddy ladies, silly

devotees, and dreaming gentlemen are the only converts to the Church, why is Exeter Hall so busy, so blatant? Why do we notice, almost as we write, what is familiarly called a perambulating sandwich, announcing on either side that Alessandro Gavazzi is about to lecture on "The Suicidal Race of England to Popery?" Is not the alleged fact of the disappearance of this Popery in America somewhat in disagreement with the frantic organisation against it amongst the "Know-nothings?" The Apostolic Church was not persecuted by the Roman government while it was restricted to Jerusalem. Are the destinies of England, after all, in the hands of old women, young ladies, and sentimental versifiers? If, as we repeatedly are told by Protestants in general, Popery is a folly, whose foolishness is manifest to the meanest capacity; if its strength lies in music, dresses, hollow pretence, and empty vision,—surely the sensible, sober, practical, shop-keeping, agricultural people of England need not fear the fascinations of a siren so very unattractive to the English nature.

"Opinion," Sir Archibald further informs us, in his usual lucid style, "is not the fit ground either of exclusion, penalty, or punishment; it is acts only which are so." . . . "So great have been the evils which have arisen from persecution for differences of religious opinion, that they have gone far to neutralise the whole blessings of Christianity, and led some sceptical observers to hesitate whether it has brought most happiness or misery to mankind. It is the disgrace of Catholicism that it first began this atrocious system, and forced retaliation upon its opponents, as a matter, at the time, of necessity. It is the glory of Protestantism that it first inscribed toleration on its banners, and practised it . . . upon the most inveterate and unrelenting of its opponents."

To a man who not only pretends to know history, but even presumes to write it, we can hardly reply upon this subject. Perhaps we shall best answer by a quotation from another Protestant historian, whom Sir Archibald might consult with advantage. "Persecution," says Hallam, "is the original deadly sin of the Protestant Church; and cools every honest man's ardour in her cause in proportion as his reading and learning increase."

The poet Cowper represents History, at the birth of Time, leaning upon her hand, watching his growth, ready to record his deeds when manhood should have rendered him worthy of her record. Where is that dignified Muse now? Who knows but that she may be watching Sir Archibald, running by the side of Time, spattered with the dirt and blinded by the dust he raises, as he dashes heedlessly on? We suspect that Clio

will not grant him any thing more than a note in her appendix, recording his speed, his pretentiousness, and his self-contradictions.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Moral Theology of the Church of Rome: No. 1. S. Alfonso di Liguori's Theory of Truthfulness. Reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer*; with a Reply to the *Rambler* and the *Dublin Review*. (J. and C. Mozley.) The author of this pamphlet clearly thinks that he has "finished" St. Alphonsus Liguori; and, of course, having demolished the Saint, the reviewers give him mighty little trouble. Our readers will remember, that above a year ago there appeared in our pages some remarks on the article here reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer*. Another reply has also appeared in the *Dublin Review*. The writer of the attack on St. Alphonsus has read both of these papers, and says that he found the article in the *Rambler* to be "short, readable, irascible, and abusive;" and that in the *Dublin* "long, unreadable, temperate, and dreary." This is consolatory to the *Rambler* at least. The worst misfortune that can happen to a writer, is, that his productions cannot be read; so we willingly pardon the *Remembrancer's* imputations on our temper, in consideration of his having found our remarks, at any rate, "readable."

As for his own counter-remarks, we will concede to him the two-fold praise,—they are sufficiently good-humoured, and they are readable; but that is all we can say for them. They convey the impression that the reviewer does not care a fig for *the truth* about St. Alphonsus. In fact, he misrepresents the *Rambler* as coolly as he does St. Alphonsus. Here is a specimen. We said, "Of all the writers in the world, Pascal is selected (by the *Remembrancer*) as the expositor of the Catholic doctrine. We might as reasonably fasten upon the *Record* newspaper as the expositor of the views of Dr. Pusey." Now for our votary of "truthfulness." He has the—what shall we call it, without being "irascible and abusive"?—we really can think of no better word than *brass*, to represent us as here admitting that "there is as great a divergence between schools of theologians within the Church of Rome as between the *Record* newspaper and Dr. Pusey."

Again,—we gave a brief statement of what is called the doctrine of Probable Opinions, commencing thus: "Briefly stated, and divested of technicalities, it amounts to this," &c. Here is our truthful *Remembrancer's* reply: "We presume, here, that by the word *technicalities* the *Rambler* means (by help of one of the modes of equivocation, or of mental reservation) the *substantial characteristics* of the system. For only so are his words true." Really it is futile to reason with a person who can write thus. However, we trust that he is better than he seems; and that his onslaughts on St. Alphonsus result from the ordinary Protestant inability to look at theology as a science, quickened by the distress that he must feel at finding that, notwithstanding all these repeated demolitions of Rome, Anglicanism still supplies its devoted converts to

the faith denounced. The author of an article on the Holy House of Loretto, which appeared in the *Remembrancer* after this attack on St. Alphonsus, and which showed quite as little veneration for any thing Catholic as does the pamphlet before us, actually became a Catholic a very few months afterwards, and discovered that he had been passing his life under the influence of a heap of delusions—dogmatic, moral, and historical. The day may yet come when all the writers in the *Remembrancer* may join devoutly in saying, “St. Alphonsus Liguori, pray for us.”

Personal Reminiscences of the “Oxford Movement,” with Illustrations from Dr. Newman’s “Loss and Gain.” By F. Oakeley. (Burns and Lambert.) This is a lively, clever, and instructive lecture, delivered to a very useful Institution, the Islington Catholic Popular Club. It has all its author’s characteristic neatness and finish of expression, with that straightforwardness of mind which is always apparent in his writings, even when he seems most anxious to avoid extremes and to give no offence to any one. One sentence in it gives us an opportunity for a word or two on a subject of some importance.* Mr. Oakeley speaks of his own successor at Margaret Chapel as “a person of the most unblemished life, the highest integrity, the most amiable disposition, and the purest intentions.” We confess we think this going rather too far. Few people entertain really so good an opinion of the sincerity and religiousness of large numbers of Protestants as the writer of these sentences entertains, or have a deeper sense of the mischief done by personal imputations; but it seems to us that we actually pass the limits of Christian charity when we say positively of a man circumstanced like our good friend the Rev. William Upton Richards, and yet remaining a Protestant, that he certainly has “the purest intentions.” We could not say more of the best of Catholics, and it is a great deal to say positively of any man. We hope that Mr. Richards’ intentions are thus spotless; but we cannot help thinking that this exaggeration of charity is inconsistent both with truth and prudence. Nobody knows whether Mr. Richards and others are sincere; and, to our mind, it does nearly as much harm to them to assert that they are something like saints, as to treat them as something like rascals. Either Mr. Richards (with others like him) is sincere, or he is not; if he is not, this excessive praise only confirms him in his sin; if he is, he must have sufficient knowledge of the *mixed* nature of his motives to be suspicious of the sincerity of any such eulogy from a Catholic.

In another sentence in this agreeable lecture there surely must be some over-statement. Certain zealous Puseyites once had a hobby (as some still have) to the effect that a “union” might be brought about

* Fault was found with us some time ago by a Catholic contemporary for our calling Dr. Pusey an “arch-impostor.” This term was used by a slip of the pen for “arch-deceiver.” However, there is not much difference between the two, and those who object to the one will probably object to the other. Whether or not it is prudent always to call a spade “a spade,” is a matter for consideration. But certainly Dr. Pusey is an arch-deceiver; and in claiming to have personal and trustworthy grounds for knowing that the Anglican Church is a part of the true Church, he is—we really must speak the truth—an impostor. He may impose upon himself, as he does upon others; we heartily trust that he does. But Dr. Pusey has done and said such extraordinary things in order to keep his followers from obeying their own consciences, as to cause strong suspicions of his sincerity. One of the most tolerant and liberal-minded of Catholic ecclesiastics is in the habit of saying that he reserves the service for the reconciliation of an *heresiarch* for Dr. Pusey.

between the "Churches of England and Rome." On this Mr. Oakeley says, "The matter of fact is, that this grand and attractive proposal found a certain amount of favour even with excellent Catholics." Ought not this sentence to have been qualified in some such way as this,— "even with a *very few* excellent, *but evidently not very wise* Catholics, *and exclusively laymen*"?

We cannot forbear quoting the following amusing story *à propos* to Protestant monasteries: "The general success and habitual regularity of such establishments were neither pledge nor safeguard against accidents which, 'like minute-guns at night,' served to arouse the most complacent from their slumbers, and to indicate that something disastrous or mournful was looming in the distance. There is a class of inmates essential to every religious house, which was peculiarly difficult to manage in the state of things we are describing—I mean the lay brothers. These excellent persons could not be expected to master their position with the same success as their elders and their betters; and would occasionally damage the character and imperil the stability of the most flourishing institute by a mere piece of awkwardness—the natural result of their being out of their proper place. The following story, which bears upon this point, is a literal fact. In a certain establishment which affected the religious life, it was the practice of the superiors to admit the youth who served them as a kind of 'lay brother' to their table; and a terrible act of mortification it was, I assure you, to both parties! In course of time, 'Brother Isaac,' as we will call him, very naturally sought refuge from the 'durance vile' to which, with the purest intentions, but a questionable prudence, he was thus subjected, by entering into a matrimonial negotiation with a person on the other side of the street. The object of his preference being in a somewhat superior rank of life to his own, it became necessary for him to collect and set forth to the greatest advantage all possible evidence of his being 'a gentleman.' And among the various recommendations of himself which he produced, one was, that 'in the family in which he had the pleasure to reside, he was on the most confidential terms with the gentlemen of the house, and in the regular habit of forming one of their party at dinner.'"

The True Religion, what it is; or, a Protestant's Objections to Catholicity fully and fairly answered. By the Rev. P. Maclachlan, of Falkirk. (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie; London, Dolman.) Here we have controversy of another kind. Mr. Maclachlan makes an apology for such defects as result from the form and haste in which his letters were written, as they first appeared in a Glasgow newspaper in answer to a Mr. Kennard, who calls himself a "peaceful layman," and who resides in Thames Street, London. Mr. Maclachlan's letters are clever and vigorous; full of matter, and well adapted for popular distribution. It is the essentially *Protestant* mind that he has in view, and not the Puseyite modification of anti-Catholicism.

The Philosophy of the Infinite, with special reference to the Theories of Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin. By Henry Calderwood. (Edinburgh, Thomas Constable.) We totally differ from all three parties in this dispute, though we can sympathise most with the theory of Mr. Calderwood. Sir W. Hamilton holds that the Infinite is inconceivable except as a negative notion; Cousin, that it is conceivable by consciousness and reflection, under relation, difference, and plurality; Calderwood, that we have an *indefinite*, incomplete notion of the Infinite. Hamilton reduces his philosophic God to an abstraction, Cousin to the

universe, and Calderwood gets into a mist by showing that we have a notion of the Infinite, because time and space must be infinite and real, in which case they must be attributes of God. We ourselves, on the other hand, hold that we have a symbolic notion of the Infinite; and the possible infinity of time and space, which we are forced to imagine, proves nothing but the necessity of believing in an infinite and eternal Agent acting in all time and in all places. Our notions of time and space are only so far infinite as we are necessitated to concede the possibility of infinite power and infinite life; eternity and infinite space are the necessary subjective conditions for thinking the possibility of infinite acts of power and life.

CARDINAL DE GEISSEL, Archbishop of Cologne, has written the following Sequence on the occasion of the proclamation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. It has been introduced into many dioceses of Germany, and has already found its way into France. Our readers will thank us for laying it before them.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Præter omnes Deo cara,
Dominatrix cœlitum,
Fac nos pie te cantare,
Prædicare et amare;
Audi vota supplicum.

Quis est dignus laude digna
Collaudare te benigna
Virgo, fons charismatum?
Gratiis es tota plena,
Tota pulchra, lux serena,
Dei tabernaculum!

O quam magna tibi fecit
Qui potens est et adjecit
Gratiam ad gratiam!
Qui cœlum terramque regit,
Matrem sibi te selegit,
Sponsam atque filiam.

Virgo vere benedicta,
Culpâ nunquam es obstricta
Carnis in exilio,
Sine labe tu concepta,
Magno lapsui prærepta,
Summo privilegio.

Contendebat certatura
Tunc cum gratia natura,
Gratia prævaluit;
A peccato præservatam,
Immunem et illibatam
Mire te constituit.

Eva novæ legis,
Præelecta summi Regis,
Consors ejus gloriæ,
Tu draconem domuisti,
Forti pede contrivisti
Victrix caput satanæ.

Semper fulgens munda stola,
Inter mundas munda sola
Ascendisti sidera ;
Super agmina sanctorum,
Super choros Angelorum
Sceptra geris Domina.

Oras nunc a dextris Nati
Jugo solvat ut peccati
Quos redemit sanguine ;
Manus tuæ stillant dona,
Vitæ fac cœlestis bona
Et in nos defluere.

Esto nobis maris stella,
Ne nos fluctuum procella
Navigantes obruat ;
Ex qua salus est exorta,
Esto nobis cœli porta
Quæ salvandis pateat.

Virgo clemens, Virgo pia,
Duc salutis nos in via
Vitæ per exilium.
Nos, o Mater, hic tuere,
Olim istic fac videre
Te tuumque Filium.

Fac, te duce, nos orare,
Vigilare et certare,
Certos tuæ gratiæ ;
Funde nobis pia dona,
Custos, Mater et patrona
Sanctæ sis Ecclesiæ (Coloniæ).

Fac nos stare fide vera,
Charitate, spe sincera,
Absque culpæ macula ;
Gregem tibi sic dicatum
Jam a patribus sacratum
Protegas in sæcula.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Cleve Hall. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. (Longmans.) When man or woman once begin to write stories, it seems that the appetite for such work grows keener and keener, and less patient of wholesome rest. The consequence is, that the stock of material laid up in the writer's brain becomes at last very scanty ; and we, the reading public, are sufferers. Let it be romance or sentiment, common life or life of Dumas-like extravagance, pictures of character or tales all incident, or even the seemingly inexhaustible subject of morals,—there is always a bottom to the well ; and when it is nearly reached, the water grows flat and muddy : and if an agreeable draught is to be drunk from it again, time must be given for the influx of fresh springs. There is a brackish taste about *Cleve Hall* (not to be explained by its being a sea-side story), which should warn the author that the well has been

allowed too little rest, and that it requires to be replenished before it will yield such palatable water as it formerly yielded.

Miss Sewell's strong point is character, which, indeed, she draws so accurately as to remind one of the minute and homely finish of a Dutch painting. The details are equally exact, and suggestive of the occurrences of every-day life; and the living personages are surrounded by an abundance of objects of "still-life," introduced solely for the exhibition of form and colour, light and shade. But, as in a Dutch "interior" we sometimes feel that the *vraisemblance* of the scene would have been even greater if the artist had bestowed less labour upon or even left out altogether some of the pots and pans, so we could be satisfied if Miss Sewell would omit the extreme minuteness of detail which supplies us with so many illustrations of the petty trials by which the virtues or faults of her characters are brought out. It is true that "trifles make the sum of human things;" but we have all of us sufficient experience of the irritation caused by wilful children, unpunctual habits, lazy dawdling, and reckless gossiping, to be able to supply the needful illustrations. A hint is usually enough, and we don't want to be "told all about it." The characteristic merits of this lady's writings are the truth with which she depicts that outer side of human life which the world sees, and in which the thoughts and dreams of the hidden life take shape and become action; her clever delineation of the importance of trifles, and their influence on life, her perception of the action of one mind upon another, and of the evils of separating goodness from kindness, and agreeableness from religion, have obtained for her stories a wide-spread popularity, not diminished by their general good sense and good feeling, and certain good sayings, occasionally expressed in so terse a manner, that most readers will feel that they are obliged to her for the hints thus afforded.

All these characteristics are again before us in *Cleve Hall*, but unfortunately not in an attractive form. The faults of her former books are exaggerated; the lengthiness of the conversations, and the Dutch minutiae of the details, are not compensated for by any animation in the story; though it is an outline that would have admitted of a good deal of working up. There is a stern father, the proud upright owner of Cleve Hall, whose god is justice; who, having by severe self-denial redeemed the family acres from the effects of ancestral extravagance, disinherits his only son, who married "to displease" him, and who had been moderately extravagant, but has been represented to his father as a double-dyed rogue by the clumsy machinations of the man whose lady-love he had married, his letters of explanation having been intercepted. His sister killed by the grief his conduct has brought upon her, Edward Vivian becomes a banished man. His implacable enemy, who is also his cousin, but a smuggler and gambler, tries to ruin his son, and nearly succeeds. The chief part of the story is occupied with the children of this Edward Vivian, whose characters are very well brought out. Then we have two aunts, each in their way well done: the invalid Mildred, who would *win* obedience and love, whose motto is to go two steps with the person you would get to go one with you; Bertha, formed on the strong and anxious type of Miss Ophelia in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with plenty of heart, if it could be found under the hard crust of duty by which it is surrounded. This latter lady is a good proof of how distasteful duty may be made by being divorced from love, or even from a loving manner. In the way of incidents we have a shipwreck, a fight with smugglers, a ruffianly seizure of a lady's pocket-book, a rescue of a child by her father, and a reconciliation,—incidents

enough for a play in five acts; but they pass on so tamely, that the reader as much fails to be interested as do the characters who are supposed to take part in them. There is one fine character in the person of the son of the villain, a mixture of man and woman's nature which deserved that he should have had a happier lot. We will not, however, quarrel with Miss Sewell for having treated him with a probable fate rather than with poetic justice. The simple heavenly-minded little Rachel is one of the prettiest things in the book. A novel-writer would have let us think that she and Ronald met again; but whether or not we are intended to think so, we do suppose that so much of heaven's teaching was not a preparation for living but for dying. Altogether, *Cleve Hall* should have been a good story; but as it is, from the interminable conversations, the coolness of all the parties in the most exciting emergencies, and the clumsy manner in which the plot is worked out, characters and story alike fall flat. We advise the clever authoress to wait awhile, and give her faculties rest before she even thinks of a fresh story. We would add a suggestion, that she should write some companion-book to her useful histories of Greece and Rome; but that when we come to Christian times it is impossible to write history without introducing *some* religious opinions, and in history we can only tolerate those which are true.

The Parlour Library: Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. (Hodgson.) The best of all the reprints which have for some time appeared in the Parlour Library, and the best of the novels by the same author. *Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside* is a story of Scottish domestic Presbyterian life, quite perfect in its way, and producing the same soothing effect on the mind that we feel in looking at a rich sunlit landscape, or in listening to a floating melody on a summer's day.

The Poems of William Shakspeare. Edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker.) We are so tired of seeing the great poet's name spelt *Shakspere*, and of sham biographies and artificial raptures about all he did, might, could, would, and should have done, that it is consolatory to see the old name spelt once more in the old way, and to have an unaffected life of Shakspeare, telling all that is known in two-and-twenty pages. The present volume contains his sonnets and non-dramatic poems. Of Mr. Bell's merits as an editor we have spoken on more than one previous occasion.

Aspen Court: a Story of our Own Time. By Shirley Brooks. 3 vols. (London, Bentley.) We do not deny the literary ability of Mr. Brooks; but his characters are exaggerated and unnatural, and his attempts to imitate the caustic satire of Mr. Thackeray remind us of the frog and the bull. The story is intended to be a hit at us unlucky Papists, and narrates the way in which priests weave their cobwebs round young ladies, to decoy them into nunneries; and how the meshes are broken by the eyes of the lover, and by two little words of his, "Trust me." While the public appetite demands this sort of satisfaction, there will be a continual stream of panders like Shirley Brooks to supply it.

Land, Labour, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria. By William Howitt. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Howitt describes what he sees very graphically and amusingly, and we can highly recommend his volumes on this ground. Whether he is right in tracing so many of the evils of colonial life to the mismanagement and nonchalance of government, we cannot affirm; for, from what we have seen of his other writings, we have learned to distrust his judgment as a philosopher, though we can admire his powers of narration and description.

A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada. By C. R. Weld. (London, Longman and Co.) Mr. Weld is not a Catholic—quite the contrary. He is an old man, who perambulates America, in a state of high disgust with the floods of expectorated tobacco-juice; but peeps with senile gusto under ladies' bonnets, and enjoys the good dinners at the gigantic hotels. He is too old and case-hardened to enter into the spirit of any thing new, but he is a good observer of the outsides of things. It seems that American gentlemen of his persuasion are rather independent in their mode of worship. Here is his description of an episcopal service: "It was performed with great reverence; but the male portion of the congregation, who bore, as usual, a very small proportion to the female, conducted themselves in a manner ill according with the ceremony. I may have been unfortunate; but this remark applies to all the male congregations I saw in the States. It appeared to me there was a positive impossibility to remain quiet. Legs and arms were thrown violently about, and frequently I expected to see feet surmounting pews. The almost universal use of fans, with which every pew is provided, and which are passed from hand to hand and freely used, has a very disturbing effect."

Tales and Sketches of New-England Life. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (London, Sampson Low.) This is a reprint of some early writings of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," much fresher and less affected than the "Sunny Memories," which the success of her former work led her to publish. There are glimpses of real power in some of the present sketches, such as we have looked for in vain in her recollections of her European tour; but there are also the germs of the forced melodramatic action and exaggerated and artificial sentiment which appear so strongly in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One of the little poems at the end, "Mary at the foot of the Cross," though not particularly harmonious, is pretty, and might almost have been written by a Catholic.

Brittany and La Vendée: Tales and Sketches; with a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of Emile Souvestre. (Edinburgh, Constable.) The author of these charming tales died last July, aged forty-eight. He was a Breton, and evidently delighted in collecting and dwelling on the sombre traditions, and glorious though sad history of his race. Though he seems to have been engaged in universitarian education, and though he was one of Carnot's schoolmasters, he does not seem to have been an irreligious man; indeed his sympathies are any where but with the red-republicans and socialists. We can thoroughly and heartily recommend this little volume.

The Formation and Progress of the Tiers Etat, or Third Estate, in France. By A. Thierry. Translated by the Rev. F. B. Wells. 2 vols. (Bosworth.) The Third Estate is the whole French people minus the nobles and the clergy. The author designedly omits all consideration of the action of the Church on the people, and traces how indissolubly the interests of the people were bound up with those of the crown, till the policy of Louis XIV. introduced distrust, and prepared the way for the fatal divorce that was consummated in the death of Louis XVI. The strength of the French monarchy, as that of the empire, has always been in the will and affections of the masses. The volumes are very able and interesting, with the exception of the episodic account of the rise and progress of the corporation of Amiens.

May Flowers: Notes and Notions of a few Created Things. By Acheta. (London, Lovell Reeve.) We noticed this author's "March

Winds and April Showers;" we ought to speak as favourably of the present volume, but we are tired of this sort of thing. We admire as much as any one the marvels of nature, and we take the deepest interest in them; but we will not, while we retain our reason, worship nature: we will not descend to fetish-worship, nor teach our children that in leaves, in flowers, in insects, in animals, there is a spirit capable of as great a future development as the soul of man. What is the use of protesting against the theory of Lamarck, of the author of "*Vestiges of the Creation*," and of Lord Monboddo, if we bring up our little people with the idea that the sparks of light and love which now inform and warm little "birdies" may wax larger and larger, till a consciousness of the Divine hand that made them and of the Divine love that provides for them dawns upon them. Experience shows that the modern philosopher who raises the soul of the brute to a level with that of man, does not exalt the beast, but degrades the man in the process. If we are sick and tired with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's exaggerations about the cruelty of masters to their slaves, how much more should we be disgusted at the teaching which magnifies cruelty to animals into a mortal sin? The principle which such teachers go upon will generally be found to be a mawkish sentimental pantheism.

Autobiography of J. Silk Buckingham. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) An amusing book of a clever man, who at the same time is not overburdened with wisdom or prudence, and who defends the speculations of his life with greater simplicity than success. We have seen nothing offensive in his book, except a piece of ribald sailors' scandal in vol. i. p. 85, which a man of his years ought to have known better than to publish.

English, Past and Present: five Lectures, by R. C. Trench, B.D. (London, J. W. Parker.) This is a moderately good philological account of the origin, composition, and changes of the English language, spoken and written, which may be read with advantage by students. This time the author does not appear as a word-warrior, who undertakes to unhorse Popery by a derivation; though he has not quite got over the temptation of introducing unpleasant polemical matter, nor does he avoid the tiresome and braggart glorification of all things Anglo-Saxon, which appears to us as objectionable in books, as boasting about one's great connections is ungentelemanly in conversation. Be proud of them if you will, we cannot help that; but do not bore us to death with them. Of course, there is nothing like leather; and therefore it is natural that this word-doctor should trace the demoralisation of a people, as well as the ruin of their language, to the loss of the sharp rigidly-defined outline of the meaning of words, and the use of them in a vague instead of a precise application. We also find traces of his German reading in his philosophy, which, though it does not surprise us in an Anglican minister, is yet a melancholy evidence of the tendency of even orthodox Anglicans. For instance, he tells us that the Divine is also the truly human element of humanity. Now though this sentence is very true, in the sense that without Divine assistance human nature becomes brutalised and inhuman, yet in terms, and in the mouth of a follower of German authorities, it is much more likely to imply a pantheistic confusion between humanity and Divinity, if not an atheistic merging of the Divine in the human. If Mr. Trench does not mean this, all that we can say is, that a critic of words should be more correct in his use of them.

The Monumental History of Egypt, as recorded on the Ruins of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs. By William Osburn. 2 vols. Illustrated.

(London, Trübner.) We have no wish to undervalue the conscientious labours of a man, especially when they are directed towards the establishment of the truth of the records of Scripture from the very sources which have lately been made to furnish so many sceptical arguments against it. Still, without going very deeply into the matter, we have no great confidence in a man who knows too much; who reads the enigmas of a hieroglyphic inscription with the same insight as Dr. Cumming reads the visions of the Apocalypse, and applies the records of the former to Scriptural personages with the same facility as Dr. Cumming applies the denunciations of the latter to Popes and Catholic sovereigns. Mr. Osburn knows too much; he knows the reason of the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine. He can tell you exactly who all the Egyptian gods were. Osiris is Mizraim, Nu is Noe, Minerva Noe's wife, Ammon is Cham, and so on. The object of his labours is to bring the Egyptian dynasties of Manetho and the monuments within the limits of the received Scriptural chronology. He has proved his point too well; so that one cannot help imagining that he has picked out from a mass of data just those points which favoured his preconceived theory, omitting all mention of the rest. Any one who has at all studied the question knows well that it is just as easy to prove a preconceived opinion from mythological authorities as it is to support any heresy by texts of Scripture. In a chaos of this kind a clue is wanting; and to be of value, it should arise from within, not be forced on the facts from without.

A Correspondent requests us to insert the following remarks on the account given of F. Malagrida in the article on Pombal in the last *Rambler*:

"The Father, in his 80th year, had long been confined in a kind of under-ground prison scarcely admitting any light, deprived of all writing materials. At his pretended trial, no Mss. were produced, but extracts, or pretended extracts. The Grand-Inquisitor and his assistants decidedly refused to entertain the question in any way. But Pombal, determined to have his victim, removed the Inquisitor, though the king's brother, appointed his own brother P. Carvalho de Mendonça to the office. This individual was known to be most hostile to the Society, both at Maranhao (Brazil) and at Lisbon. This appointment, however, was informal, not having been *pontifically confirmed*. It was before such a judge that F. Malagrida was accused; and, as a matter of course, his conviction followed. He was degraded, delivered over to the secular power, and burnt at the stake. The speech he made there proved him to be neither mad nor a heretic. (See the History of the Society, by F. Chrétineau Joly, vol. v. pp. 158-160.)"

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

La Guerre et l'Homme de Guerre. Par Louis Veuillot. (Paris, Louis Vivès. 1855.) An ably written book, in the style of quasi-philosophy which French journals delight in, talking of matters of the feelings and imagination in terms of science, and having for its object to prove that the Christian soldier is really a minister of God; that war is "a divine phenomenon;" and that, both individually and socially, the position of the military man is exalted above that of all others except the priest; that the priest and the soldier are the two pillars of French

society, and that nothing can be more glorious than their life and their death. There are parts of the book that we think might have been advantageously omitted; as the first chapter, which is a tedious catalogue of who killed whom since Cain shed the first blood: but having once determined to give a scientific shape to his work, the author probably felt himself bound to commence with a quasi-induction.

Œuvres de J. L. de Guez, Sieur de Balzac. Edited by L. Moreau. 2 vols. (Paris, Lecoffre.) A republication of the works of a Christian philosopher, the first writer of classical French, who gave the first polish, grace, and power of expression to a language that before his time was reckoned stiff and barbarous. A man who has such a command over the instrument of thought is sure to have some material on which to handle his tools. Balzac is a great writer; but probably he will be found dull, except to critical students of classical French.

Lettres de St. François-Xavier, S.J. Par M. Léon Pagès. 2 vols. (Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand.) This is a French translation of the Letters from the Latin edition of Bologna, preceded by a life of the saint, and illustrated by notes and extracts from contemporary documents. The compilation appears very carefully done.

The Works of St. Catherine of Genoa; preceded by her Life. By the Viscount de Bussière. (Paris, Société de St. Victor.) This seems an accurate translation of the works; with a well-written life, translated, not from the account drawn up by her confessor Marabotti, but from that prefixed to the Genoa edition of her works in 1737. We recommend the study of her life to all those (Protestants as well as Catholics) who wish to study the question of the employment of ladies in hospitals. Here is a young and noble married lady placed by the Genoese government at the head of the hospitals of their city, and ruling them without any of those inconveniences which Mr. Osborne anticipates from the employment of non-professional and unpaid females. Besides this interest of her life, her works have always held a high place in the estimation of students of mystical theology.

Dictionary of Holy Scripture, or Repertory and Concordance of all the Texts of the Old and New Testament in alphabetical and methodical order. By the Abbé A. F. James. (Paris, Paulmier.) The texts in this concordance are not arranged, as in our concordances, in the order of the words that occur in them, but they are referred to the heads which they illustrate, so as to give the book a kind of controversial character. Under the head "dance," we have "danger of keeping company with dancers," "an example of the danger of dancing," and "consequences of a sinful dance;" other heads are "equality, fraternity, indifferentism, intolerance, social state, government, liberty, license, &c.," and it is in the adoption of these "philosophical and social" heads that the author claims some degree of novelty for the work. Sometimes a few passages from the Fathers are inserted, with here and there an original essay of the author.